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THE COMMUNICATOR

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bob eby

"FOR THE CRIMES YOU HAVE COMMITTED AGAINST SOCIETY, I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN THE MARITIME PENITENTIARY AT DORCHESTER, NEW BRUNSWICK, WHERE YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO SERVE OUT THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT."

And, as with most things in life, it wasn't as simple and straightforward as all that: not only does a judge not have the authority to enforce which prison you will actually be incarcerated for the duration of his sentence, you'll not only pay for your misdeeds by serving time but you'll pay with cash-out-of-pocket too.

As pointed out in GREG SCOTT'S article on page 30, there are prisoners in this medium-security prison that are being paid the provincial minimum-wage of $2.75 per hour for a day's work done. Roughly 18% of their wages go to pay for their room and board while serving the court's sentence; they are able to spend up to $25.00 every second week in the institution canteen on caffeine, nicotine and sugar; and they pay Canada Pension Plan and Unemployment Insurance premiums in case they live long enough to get old and as insurance against being unable to find work once released--two probabilities for anyone who's done time in this country.

Five years ago I would have protested against the introduction of prison industries, and especially against making prisoners pay-while-they-pay. My protest would have been based on the principle that this would be the state using us for slave labour and that there was no way I would voluntarily participate in a process demanding I pay room for a cell while getting bored.

Today, I want my nose back . . . not the brown one some might be looking for on me, but the one I cut off years ago while spiting my face. People who think prisoners haven't been doing labour meant for slaves all these years while working for 5 and 10 cents an hour have been deluding themselves. And while doing that slave labour, they've been "paying" just the same as if they'd actually been handed money and had it taken back . . . the difference now is that they're letting us keep most of it for ourselves instead of the other way around.

I've walked out of prison with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket and the clothes on my back, and I know what it is to be broke and without friends who can help. The money that prisoners will be able to earn and save while employed at these paying projects will give people who want to take advantage of it the chance to buy themselves some choices when they get back on the streets. And choices are what it's all about . . . freedom is being able to choose; having money is possessing the ability to afford choices--they're one and the same thing. The only real difference between working for money in here and on the outside is that the choices outside are broader.

Now that I've got my nose back, anyone wanna buy a used tripewriter? I'm gonna find me a job that pays....

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adults & groups. SWEAR WORDS, though will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, rethink your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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HOW TO CREATE A CRIMINAL

By Larry Krotz

THE OTHER DAY I HEARD THAT RON IS IN QUEBEC, IN A PLACE THEY CALL AN S.C.U. or Special Corrections Unit, A "super-max," some people call it, a place for trouble-makers or people who have gone bonkers or just can't take it anymore.

It's a strange and sad case, Ron's, but not unusual. When I last saw him in Manitoba he was doing 11 years. Now he's probably up to 20 or 30, or maybe even life. The strange part is that he started out doing two years, for fraud. A middle-class guy. First offence.

I'm not excusing the fraud. But Ron's is one of those cases where the punishment got out of step with the crime. They say, "If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." Ron was one of those who couldn't do the time. Something snapped when he went behind bars. He could have settled in and possibly been paroled within a year. He surely could have read or watched television for that long. But not Ron. One botched escape attempt led to another. With each failure, more time was added to his sentence. With each added sentence, Ron got crazier and tried harder. The last time I saw him, when all the little bits already added up to 11 years, was just before he bopped a guard on the head with a garden rake and took off in a wild bid for freedom in a Solicitor General's car. That one failed too. Of course.

I tell Ron's story because, in the life of our prison system, it is one more dismal tale that needs to be told.

I could tell you instead about Arthur. He is an Indian from a small prairie town who has spent part of every year since 1971 in one or another provincial jail in western Canada. Most of his sentences are for driving either while intoxicated or without a driver's license (or both). Jail is a regular part of Arthur's life.

Or I could tell you about Ray. He is 37. I have known him for seven years. He was in jail when I met him; he is in jail now. In the interval he has been paroled twice. Both times he fouled up. He does well in prison in terms of how the administration sees things. He has even taken two university courses. Both times he came out with the best of plans. Neither time worked out. His job hopes failed; he ran short of money. One of the times his wife left. He got into dope again. He went back to stealing. The last time I saw him he was embarrassed to meet me. He spoke unhappily about the prospect of still being where he was when he became an old man.

Canada imprisons a greater proportion of its population than any other country in the world, save six. There are 10,000 inmates in Canadian federal prisons, 13,000 in provincial institutions. And that prison system is in serious times.

The very first recommendation in the 1977 report of the Parliamentary Sub-committee on the Penitentiary System in Canada (Chairman, Mark MacGuigan) begins with the statement, "A crisis exists in the Canadian Penitentiary system." That sums up both that committee's report and the conclusions of many people who are frustrated by the prison system in Canada, both federal and provincial; citizens, administrators, social workers, guards, inmates, politicians.

Imprisonment as a penalty for crime is a relatively recent phenomenon. Before the 18th Century, prisons were used almost exclusively for temporary restraint while preference was given to public floggings, hangings, mutilation, banishment, stocks and so on. Incarceration, ironically, was a reform measure. The assumption was that if a wrong-doer could be alone in his cell with his conscience, he would see the error of his ways. The new method spread from the United States to England and thence to Canada. It has been a costly and ineffectual experiment.

The greatest rash of prison building in Canada was between 1875 and 1880. Stone fortresses were built from New Westminster, B.C., to Dorchester, N.B. Almost all survive and continue to function. A few federal institutions have been constructed since 1952.

But by far the biggest binge of new prison building is about to occur right now. Even though the program was put on hold by federal restraint policies, as of December 1978, Canadian Corrections Service plans called for nine new and nine renovated and expanded federal prisons by 1984: 2,753 new cells at $110,000 per cell.

Two premises are at work. The older institutions are both crowded and outdated. Since 1970, riots, strikes, and hostage takings in the nation's penitentiaries have driven home some sort of message to the country's law-makers. The response has been to blame the old overcrowded institutions and to promise to replace them with newer, smaller, better equipped institutions that can handle the growing numbers of unhappy and frustrated prisoners. This, with recent laws leading towards incarcerating more people for longer terms, justifies a demand for more institutions.

But there is a fundamental problem. The revamping of the old institutions and the construction of the new ones is being undertaken on the premise that the stated goals of our corrections system -- rehabilitation, deterrence and so on -- can be achieved by prisons, if our prisons are spacious, airy, well equipped and relatively humane in design. The inconsistency, and what causes great and general frustration, is that statistics show these to be bankrupt goals. Prisons of any sort are warehouses at best, and as my friend Ron is a witness, schools for frustration and crime and anger and violence at worst. An ironic footnote to the prison upheavals: one of the most bitter disturbances to date took place not in an old institution, but a new one, Millhaven maximum security institution in Ontario opened only in 1971.

If the premise of "rehabilitation" or "corrections" really worked or was assumed to work, prisons would ideally work themselves out of a job. In fact the opposite is true. Far from phasing itself out of existence, the prison industry is growing, in staffs, budgets, and numbers of institutions. The federal Solicitor General's Department through the Canadian Corrections Service employs over 10,000 persons, more than one employee for every federal inmate. Provincial corrections systems employ roughly as many. In the decade 1966 to 1976 corrections budgets in Canada grew from $0.6 billion to an estimated $1.5 billion.

The industry is growing to handle the estimated 80 percent of its clients who never succeed in leading productive tax-paying lives in the community, but return to the institutions again and again. As industry, corrections is becoming more entrenched, if anything, with sizable internal vested interests -- administrators, employees, unions, and support industries that are increasingly larger, more powerful, and less prone to change.

Dr. Jerome Miller, who gained notoriety by closing down most of the juvenile institutions in the state of Massachusetts while Commissioner of Juvenile Corrections there, says, "Large institutions do not exist because they are effective, because they cut crime, because they treat people well; they exist because they provide jobs."

If people really did become "rehabilitated," or if courts ceased to send people in large numbers to jail, a major dislocation in the Canadian economy would result.

In private and in their periodic public reports, governments are the first to agree that the idea of incarceration is bankrupt. The fact that 80 percent of inmates are repeaters means that there is no such thing as rehabilitation and precious little real protection for the community. The $25,000 it cost last fiscal year to maintain an inmate in a federal prison for one year, and the up to $110,000 it costs for each new cell, means a horrendous continuing expense. The public has entered into a contract that is getting daily more expensive (former Solicitor General Francis Fox estimated the annual cost of the criminal justice system in Canada including police, courts, and sentencing at $2.5 billion and predicted that by 1985 it would be $7.8 billion) and returns little value. Offenders are not rehabilitated; victims of crimes do not receive redress; the community is not more safe. Instead, as the parliamentary report put it, though most of those in prison are not dangerous, "cruel lock-ups, isolation, the injustices and harassment deliberately inflicted on prisoners unable to fight back, make non-violent inmates violent, and those already dangerous more dangerous."

But governments are in a political bind. While imprisonment clearly doesn't work, or works only at great expense, nobody is very sure what will work. When community cries about crime in the street rise to a crescendo or when a particularly vicious offence has just

received full exposure in the media, governments are forced to appear to be doing something even though they may not be sure what to do. The best way to appear to be doing something is to spend money. Hence more and newer constructions, renovations, programs, staff.

What's more, the pressure of the vested interests, the unions, the staff, the administrators with their budgets, the construction companies interested in new prison building, even the communities seeking new "industry," make it easier still to spend the money. When the federal government in 1976 proposed a new maximum security prison for Manitoba, no fewer than five municipalities stumbled over one another to vie for the 200 jobs, the $4 million annual payroll, and the possible annual revenue of $300,000 for their council coffers that a new penitentiary would mean.

Dr. Jerome Miller, from his experiment in the Massachusetts juvenile system that was documented by a Harvard University study, says, "When it comes to crime statistics, we found that the whole lock-up system was irrelevant." Though the city of Boston now rarely locks up more than 25 juveniles at any given time, the juvenile crime rate in Boston has not risen; it has, if anything, shown a slight decrease.

Miller continues by saying that new approaches to criminal justice do not mean new money, just using money already available more creatively. If you have $12,000 or $17,000 or $20,000 or $40,000 which you are spending on an individual anyway, how many more things are possible other than simply locking him up. Even if you delivered only on the bottom line -- kept that individual out of trouble -- more would be achieved than is frequently achieved by the present system.

The Parliamentary Report on the Penitentiary System states: "Insufficient use has been made of alternative penalties such as restitution, fines, and periods of community service. These alternative sanctions, it is believed, would be the appropriate manner of dealing with many non-violent offenders against property and particularly young adult offenders."

Alternatives are possible. But again we return to the political bind. During the last federal election campaign, a member of Parliament whose record and views on corrections are relatively progressive admitted privately that he wouldn't dare raise prisons as an issue in his campaign or he surely would not be re-elected.

Though the whole corrections business is hopelessly frustrating, the public mood of fear is the real dilemma of our prisons. It is what commits us to continuing with a system that fills half its prairie prisons with young Indian men, that fails to bring any redress to the victims of crime, that commits men such as Ron to a living hell, and that continues all the while to cost us extravagantly.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is reprinted with the kind permission of Mr. Krotz and our source, the UNITED CHURCH OBSERVER. The article first appeared in WAITING FOR THE ICE-CREAM MAN, published by CONVERSE, 87 Isabel Street, Winnipeg and can still be had through them.

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PUTTING A HALT TO CANADA'S SHAME

Gerald Schmitz,
Saskatoon

AS A MEMBER OF THE MORATORIUM COMMITTEE ON PRISON CONSTRUCTION I often marvel at the contradictions which issues like criminal justice and penal reform reveal about Canadian public opinion.

WE CRY FOR MORE PUBLIC SAFETY, yet support a burgeoning prison bureaucracy whose real mandate is not to build a safer, more just society, but to manage an antiquated and dehumanizing system of institutionalized violence (euphemistically known as the Canadian Correctional Service) which leaves most of its victims the worse for the experience.

While our schools cope with an enrollment crisis, thousands of new prison cells are being built to similarly "correct" ever more of our young. Now as restraint is increasingly the watchword in government,even the illusions of prisons as "rehabilitation" are giving way to the more direct, economical language of social control and repression -- which is at least an advance in honesty, if not in humanity.

Two years ago, a special all-party subcommittee of the House of Commons justice committee delivered one of the strongest indictments ever of the federal penitentiary system.

IF ANYONE STILL THINKS they are being protected by our upside-down prison establishment they should consider the following statements by nationally syndicated columnist LEONARD SHIFRIN, in a recent article detailing the continued deliberate circumvention (by the Solicitor-General's Department) of the legislator's most important recommendations:

"In a unanimous report, the 13-member subcommittee painted a nightmare portrait of a jungle in which the strong prey on the weak, prison directors live in fear not of their prisoners but of their staffs, and 'hoodlum guards' brutalize inmates and deliberately incite them to riot in order to qualify for danger pay."

Imagine how safety is enhanced when the inhabitants of these jungles are released back onto the street!

Some might prefer to believe that all so-called dangerous offenders are animals to begin with. I know on the occasions when I have been inside maximum security pens, I have received more civil treatment from the inmates than from my "protectors" -- even when both were equally strangers. Is it because I came to befriend, not to judge?

THERE ARE OTHER CONTRADICTIONS one sees as a Christian. Take capital punishment, for example. Repeated condemnations of it by the Canadian bishops and the Vatican seem to have had no more effect than the constant rejection of materialism and capitalism in papal social teaching. But try to find a Catholic who favors decriminalization of abortion! Obviously it's easier to be prolife on some issues than on others.

It's easy, too, for our political leaders to protest the harassment of religious dissidents and prisoners of conscience in the Soviet Union, while shutting tbheir eyes to the fact that physical and mental cruelties, plus the use of mood-altering drugs, are virtually routine in our own mini-gulags.

LAST WINTER a prisoner in the Millhaven Special Handling Unit (a super-maximum prison within a prison built as a concession to hardliners afeer Parliament abolished capital punishment) found the conditions so extreme he sought release by gouging out his own eyes. It didn't work because he was returned there as soon as possible ffrom the hosptal. Our free press either passed over the incident or used it to argue for tighter surveillance of violence-prone individuals.

Two of the greatest principles of Christianity have always been compassion and forgiveness. The New Testament speaks not of revenge or punishment for its own

its own sake, but of penance: the conversion that all of us as sinners must undergo.

In speaking of Christ's mission to mankind, HANS KUENG reminds us:

"THE ABSOLUTELY UNPARDONABLE THING was not his concern for the sick, cripples, the lepers,the possessed; not the way he put up with women and children around him; nor even his partisanship for the poor, humble people. The real trouble was that he got involved with moral failures, with obviously irreligious and immoral people: people morally and politically suspect, so many dubious, obscure,abandoned, hopeless types existing as an ineradicable evil on the fringe of every society. This was the real scandal" (On Being a Christian. p. 271).

Let us pray for more Christians who are willing to risk the "unpardonable" to visit him in our prisons (Matthew 25: 35-40) and to "set prisoners free" (Luke 4: 17-19) with the hope for a new and better life which he entrusted to us.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This item is reprinted with the permission of the kind people at the PRAIRIE MESSENGER CATHOLIC WEEKLY, P.O. Box 10, MUENSTER, Sask. SOK 2Y0

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

Crime and the State

LAWBREAKERS ARE EVERYWHERE, SAFEGUARDING THEIR LOOT FROM CRITICAL INSPECTION. In any rush hour crowd you will find them: the clerk with his briefcase full of office stationary; the salesman with his bogus expenses form; the student with her silver paper pellet of pot; the firm's buyer with her Christmas bottle of Scotch; the self-employed wondering how much he can get away with on his income tax form. In certain studies, where individuals have given details of their criminal activities in complete confidence, it has been shown that not only have most subjects broken the law quite regularly, but some of the offences were severe enough to merit prison sentences. A New York City study found that 89 per cent of subjects admitted to theft, 49 per cent to assault and 35 per cent to concealed weapons.

When the question is pushed home as to who are the lawbreakers, it's you and me as well. There is no such thing as the 'common criminal.' To a greater or lesser degree most people have fiddled something along the line. Only it's easier for some of us to conceal our misdeeds. So pronouncements about getting tough with the criminals should be treated cautiously, as cautiously as stones in glass houses.

Of course crime means different things to different people. Lawbreaking need not be thought of as criminal unless it is treated as such by the offender's acquaintances. The potsmoker's friends know it is illegal but don't recognize it as serious. The wife of the clerk knows where the household stationary comes from, but is unlikely to spend sleepless nights waiting for a heavy knock on the door. What it boils down to is that crimes only become important when they are judged so by acquaintances, the legal system and ultimately, society.

The legal system is there to curb acts seen as damaging to the community. Laws are flexible and can be changed -- one study estimated that 76 per cent of prisoners in America in 1931 had been convicted of offences which were not illegal 16 years earlier. We should not acquiesce in a legal system which highlights the crimes of drugtaking, pornography or picket-line behaviour -- affecting only small groups of people as they do -- when in the shadows lie the far greater numbers of the unemployed, the casualties of poverty (whether old people dying from lack of warmth or babies expiring for lack of primary health care), and the embittered victims of racism. It's a crime that people are treated like this. We should be pushing these offences into the public eye and campaigning for such injustices to be outlawed.

Concern about crime should also be concern about what is defined as such and acted upon. It means more than referral to the bookshelves to consult the niceties of common law adjudication or clauses in Parlia-

mentary legislation. All action which results in social injury is criminal behaviour. Our legal systems should adopt such values and implement them fully and impartially.

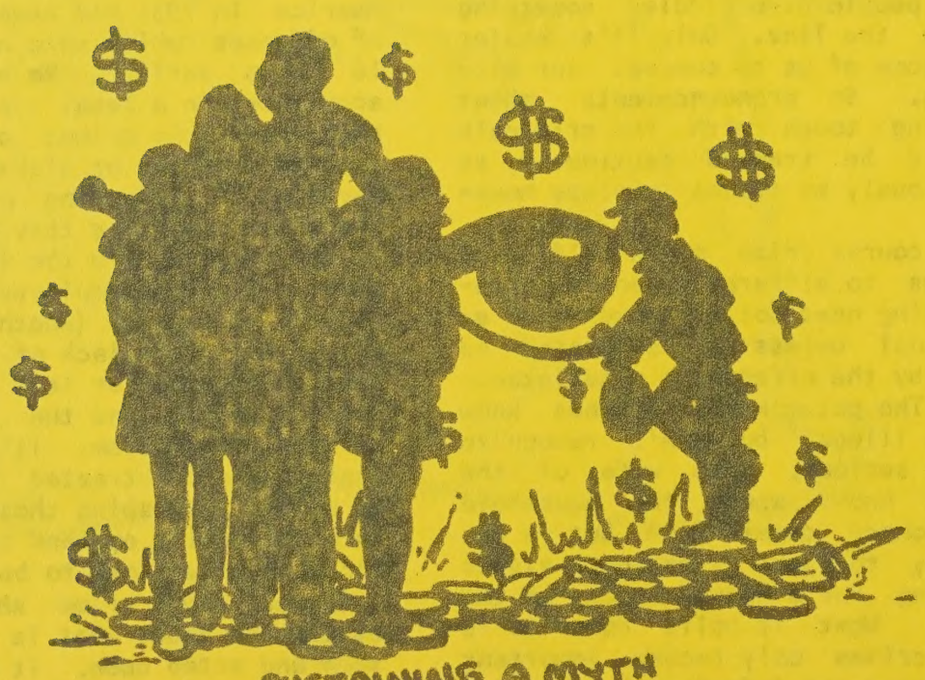
For crime is the denial of politically defined human rights -- the egalitarian rights of decent food and shelter, of human dignity and self determination; no matter what the religion, sex, race or class. The sentiments come trippingly off the tongue, they can even appear banal to the cynic and the sophisticate, they are none the less important for that. And sadly enough, crimes of the first order are being committed daily to women, to blacks, to the unemployed and to the wretched of the earth, that never make the headlines or are ever officially illegal.

Wherever such illegality occurs, and it exists in most places, the state and the legal apparatus, rather than directing investigations, should be the central focus of pressure and attention. The American Friends Service Committee put it this way:

"Actions that clearly ought to be labelled criminal, because they bring the greatest harm to the greatest number are in fact, accomplished officially by agencies of government. The overwhelming number of murders in this century have been committed by governments in wartime. Hundreds of unlawful killings by police go unprosecuted each year. The largest forceful acquisitions of property in the U. S. have been the thefts of land guaranteed by treaty to Indian tribes, thefts sponsored by the government. . . Civil rights demonstrators, struggling to exercise their constitutional rights have been repeatedly beaten and harrassed by police and sheriffs. And in the Vietnam War, America violated its own Constitution and international law."

So, while nothing excuses any wrongs you might have done, the people who are in the business of punishing others should keep in mind that their own closets aren't spotlessly clean....

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Crime and the State" was picked up from TARPAPER, the Matsqui Penitentiary publication. It originally came from the NEW INTERNATIONALIST.



SUSTAINING A MYTH

SOUND FAMILIAR?

by greg scott

IN MONTHS PAST, WHEN ANNOUNCING the federal government's decision not to spend all of the proposed $500 million on prison expansion, in the form of 23 new institutions, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, DONALD YEOMANS, said that inmate programs would not suffer from the cut-backs (an appropriate term). Funny how these things stick in the mind... but now that the Therapeutic Community, Springhill's longest running program, is subject to arbitrary "temporary" closure because of overtime costs, the escorted T.L.A. program is slowed, and other insignificant-seeming new austerity measures are erected because of some federal belt tightening, the penitentiaries' bookkeepers seem bent on quickly spending as much money as possible on other features of this chain of "luxury" hotels. A new visiting area,costing several hundred thousands of dollars, will very probably be some square feet smaller than the old one; truckloads of fill is left unseeded to run down the stormdrains; a new floor is planned for the less than 5 year old recreation hall, closing the gym during the winter months (the only time when we use it); security installations begin to resemble 1984ish dimensions (new FM alert buttons for the staff to summon help, an internal alarm system with bright red buttons all over the place, new steel grillwork where none existed before, Sam Browne belts for the guards to hold in more than a few ample bellies, little handcuff tie pins, and so on...). One easily sees the priority scale of the new government; or could it be that these measures are simply reflections of the Service's anticipations of "his master's voice?"

Another interesting note: Now that the inhabitants of this country's too many prisons have been led to believe that we are allowed to receive a look at the files that have been kept on us for years, the C.S.C. has employed groups of people in the worthy task of shredding "obsolete material" that has cluttered our files. Reminds one of a cloak and dagger epic where the subject is nastily swallowing the note which contains the crucial formula. It seems that the bureaucracy has failed to communicate to their satellites that we have been again prevented from this access to information by a clause in the Human Rights Act which controls the release of information to convicts, and a new procedure, which tells us that we will have to wait up to two years for some of our files... thank you very mulch. Would I be paranoic to suggest that this latest two year stall has been fabricated because it will take them that long to shred all the damning information which might cause them embarrassment if ever exposed to public scrutiny? I have been told by an "unimpeachable source" that "the C.S.C. will not perform cosmetic surgery...."

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by ALLEN SALTZER

ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME TO SIT DOWN and write a report for the COMMUNICATOR on the happenings in NUMBER EIGHT. There is a lot to tell, and actually so much has happened that it may be difficult to tell it all without getting 90% of the unit a transfer to you-know-where.

The best place to begin is with the culmination of a fine BALL SEASON for our "A" LEAGUE TEAM. After clinching FIRST PLACE in a hair-raising last game of the season the guys went on to defeat the THERAPUTIC COMMUNITY four games to two, thus bringing home all the silverware. The big man in the series was DENNY STATES, who pitched the team to victory, got the big hits (including the series-winning R.B.I.), and made some spectacular outs. GEORGE SOCK played his usual flawless ball and some unexpected hitting from rookies like RAY CORRIER also helped. Defensively or at bat the entire team played Steady Eddy ball.

Away from ball and back to the unit: things haven't slacked off at all. The boys have been very conscious of their reputation lately: so much so that a few errors have been made. But all is not lost; a good head hunter never discriminates friend from foe. After all, every head counts!

We were quite depressed at a few events of late. One of our most prestigious leaders was seen sneaking around one of the ranges with a garbage bag full of orange/yellow liquid one night during count, and we immediately cheered up to the assumption we'd all be invited to a great brew. Well, the great brew was called,but the prestigious leader didn't show. In his place he sent a superior and another leader, both empty-handed. This was the ultimate sin... we were speechless.

I suppose I should tell you about our new television set. We haven't got it yet. The problem here seems to be the lack of donations. The total keeps going up and getting closer to the magic number,but just when we get close the guy at the top gets paroled. A slight oversight on our part, but a well conceived plan by the PAROLE BOARD. The ploy is to give one hope and then dash it as the prize gets close. This is supposed to teach one how to be subservient, but in actual fact one only learns to have nerves of steel--or become emotionally dead. Simply put,the NATIONAL PAROLE BOARD can probably TRAIN more psychopaths in one month than the family, as an institution, can produce in ten years. Of course, the inmates aren't stupid; they know only too well what is going on. Every night at different times and in different corners of the institution, they can be heard praying to Parole, that Great God of Freedom and his disciples on the NATIONAL BORED.

At any rate, NUMBER EIGHT, the "real class" of the institution, with its ability to screen perspective residents with an eye to retaining our glorious reputation,has fallen flat on its face. Believe it or not,there are actually people over here who are making parole. Either we are getting a slightly different group of individuals or Parole (the Great God of Freedom)is getting some heat from somewhere.

Once again, all is not lost though. With the return of some former comrades and using the Draft System, we can feed our club (literally: head hurting instrument) house from the farm teams in southern New Brunswick.

Yes, here in NUMBER EIGHT, we shall prevail. Come hell or high water we're destined to remain what we are, because "...we worked damn hard to get it"(in the words of one of our founding fathers).

That's it for now, and I hope I didn't miss anything that can be told without getting us all in hot water... or should I have said, hot brew? But then, we don't have to worry about that anymore... our great leaders seem to have the monopoly on it lately. So long for now and I'll see you in a couple of months... unless they get me.

N·N·NUMB·ER N·N·NINE

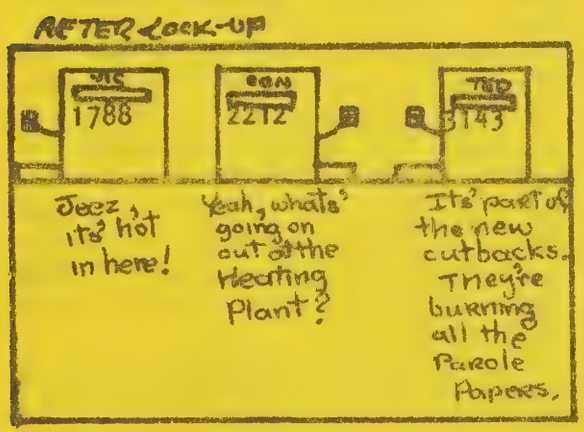
by michael thompson

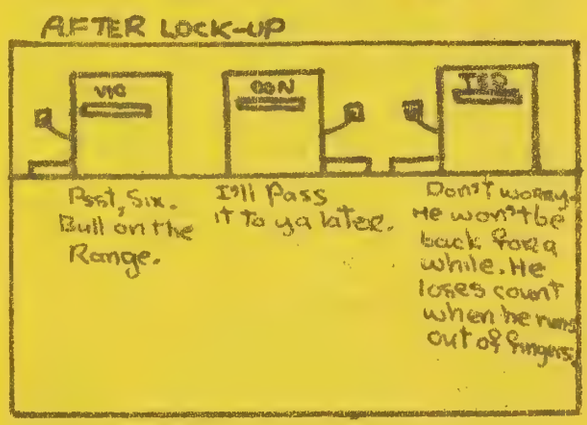
WELL, IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN, when we all get together to compare notes and report upon our past, present and future gossip without stepping on too many toes. I figure my feet are sore enough and I'm waiting to walk in a bigger space, one not so confining. I think they're soon gonna let me visit that big shoestore outside the fence.

Anyways, our unit has been quite melodramatic since the last time we had a chance to compare notes. This being so because of the steady inflow of new inmates and the ones fortunate enough to get the gate. We're experiencing the usual humdrum of our medium, with the occasional hot spot here and there to spice up the drier moments. We had a few brews, sniffers and a couple of those knock-down-drag-out-good-ole-time fisticuffs to add flavour. But Staff has an eagle-eye and, in most instances, an understanding ear. All in all we have resolved to weather the storms and smooth over the jagged edges, licking our wounds together as a unit, and get back on the road that twists and turns down the road to conformity.

I'm hoping that this is my last time to have the privilege of reporting upon this ever-growing saga of "As the Penitentiary Reels." Although it has been a lot of fun for me to do so, I know that you know there's an unending party, if you know how to, somewhere down the road outside the fence. So, if you don't hang in there together, then you just hang!

I learned a lot in my stay here, and I just hope I'll be able to apply my knowledge to the streets in a positive manner. To all of my comrades I'd like to leave you with this one thought: "Have faith in you and the things you do."





atlantic wholesalers

"serving the Maritimes"
grocery distributors to the independant retail trade

Head Office
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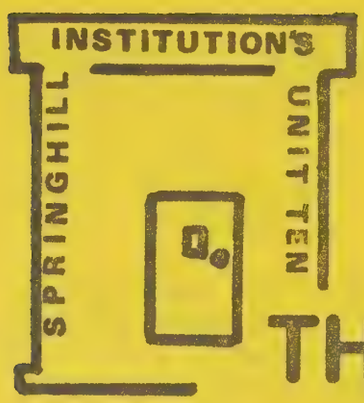

THERAPY IS . . .

by lard jerg

WELL, IT APPEARS AS THOUGH THE THERAPUTES are going to be jailed for the month of November. The Director, Warden WILLIE GIBBS, attended one of our recent community meetings and discussed among other things the temporary closure of the unit. According to Mr. Gibbs we will be closed until December pending the hiring of a new staff member.

Also discussed by Mr. Gibbs was the Temporary Leave of Absence program. He reviewed the procedures and responsibilities of both inmates and staff as they pertain to T.L.A.'s. He certainly offered moral if not financial support. All in all it was a very informative meeting with a clear-cut statement on the closing of the unit, as well as clarifying many points in regard to the T.L.A. program.

As a unit we have been rather successful with T.L.A.'s recently. Our biggest score was arranging a swimming t.a. for six consecutive weeks in which non-swimmers received swimming instruction and in which six different guys each week that could swim were able to go for a dip at the Mount Allison pool, having a ball. The success of this venture is due largely to GLEN MANTHORNE who has acted as an escort on each of the six trips. Thanks also go to the other staff members who accompanied him on occasion.

In addition to the swimming trips we have arranged a t.a. to view the GRAY VS CLARK title fight to be held in Halifax, November 13th. Yet another t.a. is in the works to accomodate those members of the community who have not yet had their first t.a. This is being arranged by our new T.L.A. coordinator, JIM SELLERS, and is a trip to the Springhill Bowling Alley, where it will be back in the gutter for us.

In other news, we are in the process of purchasing another colour t.v. The old one is starting to remind us of our old buddy, one-legged FRANK FOOTE . . . on it's last leg. In spite of the November lock-up, arrangements have been made for us to see Saturday night hockey games and the special movies... Good old therapy seems to work.

We would like to apologize for the long time it has been taking to get your pictures taken. It has been due to the new method of having Trust Fund Forms processed. We are going back to the old method and hope that the guys will make sure they have money in their Trust Fund Accounts when they fill out the forms.

In closing out we would like to congratulate the members of the UNIT TEN SOCCER TEAM for their fine display in winning the October the 11th tournament. Da Dah Da Dah Da Dats All Folks....

Greetings, fellow wearers of the sacred green robes. Fear not for it is I, HADJI IDATOLYAHSO, the Mad Hermit of F Range... also known on the Great Numerological Chart by the mystical symbols 1508 to those of you who have got my number. Far be it from your humble servant to seek to aspire to the dizzy (and I mean DIZZY)heights of the Venerable and Wrinkled Ayatollah Dougiedee, who has departed this vale of tears to seek further enlightonement (for fun and prophet) at the feet of He Who Dwells in Ottawa. I am merely like yourselves; a poor pilgrim in search of Truth who seeks enlightonement so that he may be freed from this Wheel of Existence in which we toil endlessly as we chant the Sacred Mantra: "We're here because we're here because we're here because...."

It is with great trepidation that I shall seek to fulfill the duties of your Scribe to the best of my disposal. I only ask you, humbly, of course, to have patience with me; for in my Crypt I can see only a limited number of the events that occur around us. Therefore, should any of you Brothers of the Green have any visions or revelations that you would like to share, I pray that you would bring them to me and I will insert them (Ed's Note: "Oh yeh?) in this our sacred manuscript.

It is wise and good to welcome back the tired traveller who has been a stranger in a strange land; and so I use this opportunity to extend a warm welcome to one of my favorite Brothers of the Green, who had left us for a time to travel in Tenland, but who has now returned at long last to the Eleventh Heaven and we are glad of his return for we have sorely missed him. I am sure that my Brothers of the Sports share my sentiments, for he is a mighty and valiant warrior. Let him who has ears hear my words!

Greetings also to Him who is the Dispenser of All Good Things, He who giveth goodies and taketh tokens. He who is affectionately known to all as that warm, kindhearted shopkeeper, PAPA PERCY. (That should be worth a few goodies,Percy!).

PLEASE NOTE: Please address all bribes (No Letter Bombs please) to H. IDATOLYAHSO, Eleventh Heaven, P.O. Box F-17. No guarantees, no refunds.

Forgive your poor Scribe for the dry-ness of his pen, but the well doth run dry. Allow me to leave you with the words of wisdom of my Guru, Baba Buford, a WILD AND CRAA-AAZY GUY! who has said after many years of thought and soulsearching, "BEWARE OF THE PIGMIES...."

Mantra of the Month: GARP!

Ecology Action Centre

Forrest Building
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia

The JUSUN is published monthly by the Ecology Action Centre.
Phone: (902) 422-4311

WELCOME BACK TO CANADA

by george watson

THE RECENT PRISONER EXCHANGE BE-tween Canada and the United States resulted in three prisoners, whom were serving sentences in the U.S., ending up in MILLHAVEN. When they were in the U.S., they were led to believe this wasn't going to hap-pen.

One prisoner told me that the Canadian Consul in Chicago inter-viewed them and asked them what prison in Canada they would like to go to and assured them they would-n't be sent to MILLHAVEN.

When the prisoner exchange was taking place, CJOH-TV in Ottawa had a film clip of an interview with some Canadians who had been in pri-son in Texas prisons and they ex-pressed concern in their inter-view; (1) that they wouldn't be sent to prisons close to their homes and (2) that they would be sent to MILLHAVEN! How our reputa-tions spreads....

Two of our prisoners from the States were imprisoned in ATLANTA, GEORGIA. This is the prison where Al Capone was sent to back in the '30s. It houses at present, mass murderers,Mafia members and assort-ed hardcases. It is the end of the road in the USA prison system.

How does it compare with MILL-HAVEN? Remember the stereotype of hay sticking out of his ear, and who is stuck for an answer when he is asked "How are you?" How does our great "democratic country" com-pare with the way these hillbillies treat their prisoners?

In ATLANTA, a prisoner is allowed four open visits per month. His visitor is allowed to visit from 9:00 a.m. right through until 3:30 p.m.. They have sandwich machines, coffee, soft drinks, etc in the visiting room. The visitors can return and visit from 5:30 p.m. un-til 8:30 p.m. A whole day's visit only counts as one visit.

In MILLHAVEN, visitors are per-mitted to visit from 9:00 a.m. un-til 11:00 a.m. If they come back in the afternoon, they can visit from 1:00 p.m. until 4:00 p.m. But this counts as two visits. They are separated from their visit by a thick glass and their visits can be monitored.

In ATLANTA, all mail leaving the prison is sealed by the prisoner. Incoming mail is only checked for money or contraband. Mail between lawyers and prisoners is privileg-ed.

In MILLHAVEN, all letters from prisoners are unsealed when handed in. They are sealed by the censor after he is through with them. All mail coming in is opened by the censor, and while denied by them,we claim, read by the censor. Prison-er/lawyer communication is not pri-vileged.

In ATLANTA, prisoners can earn up to $300 per month.

In MILLHAVEN, prisoners can earn up to $23 per month.

In ATLANTA, prisoners have a com-missary where they can spend up to $100 per month. It is a store and they are allowed to shop there once a week.

In MILLHAVEN, we are given a list of items which contains mostly nec-essities and have to order two weeks in advance. If a mistake is made, we have to wait two weeks for it to be rectified.

In ATLANTA, all earned remission counts towards complete freedom.

In MILLHAVEN, all earned remis-sion means is that a prisoner is going to have to serve this remis-sion under the supervision of the Parole Service.

In ATLANTA, prisoners are allowed to make one telephone call per mon-th. In MILLHAVEN, phone calls are only permitted in the case of emer-gencies. This year, prisoners are going to be permitted a phone call near Christmas.

In ATLANTA, there are over 2,000 prisoners while in MILLHAVEN, there are less than 200. Apparently, it is easier for the Americans to look after 2,000 prisoners than it is for Canadians to look after 200.

It would appear that the prison officials in the MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON in ATLANTA, Georgia haven't got the foresight(spelled paranoia) that exists in Canada or they would tighten up their system. One pris-oner there is BOBBY WILCOX who was written up in Reader's Digest when he was PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE in the United States. I guess ATLANTA officials don't realize how serious a crime they are permitting every time BOBBY kisses his mother on a visit.

Those poor, dumb hillbillies in Georgia sure could learn a lot from us smart Canadians --couldn't they?

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: This item is from ODYSSEY, Millhaven's prison publi-cation. ODYSSEY is the finest of the publication's coming out of Canadian prisons (for now) and can be subscribed to by sending a mon-ey order for $4.00 to ODYSSEY NEW-SLETTER, C/O Social Development, Box 280, BATH, Ontario. K0H 1G0

AS I SEE IT

GO BOY!

BUT NOT TOO FAR

A Review
by bob eby

McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited,
330 Progress Avenue,
SCARBOROUGH' Ontario.
MIP 2Z5

IT IS PERVERSE THAT A COUNTRY CAN TREAT PEOPLE THE WAY ROGER CARON DEscribes in his prison memoirs, GO BOY! and then award him the Governor General's Award for the Best NON-Fiction Work of the Year--it makes one wonder what they gave it to him for: was it his ability to tell us what has been said innumerable times and what we should already have known if we were the kind of people who cared enough to even listen, or was it for his being naive enough to think it would have any effect other than as a personal catalyst in his own life, or was it a case of "See how liberal we are, we even allow them to bad-mouth us!"

ROGER CARON'S, GO BOY! reads like a not-so-well written paperback escapist novel: one where there is always a missing ingredient--not only does no-one ever win but there are no heroes, except those Caron begrudgingly admires, like the viciously authoritarian gang-boss at the Guelph Reformatory during the 50's who ran the Buller, a work gang where young men were brutalized and conditioned to expect the worst from life. Caron almost deifies "the Dick" (after Dick Tracy) for his prowess with his fists and quick responses to challenges to his authority: an authority that was near-absolute in a reformatory where more than 900 young men and boys at a time served out their sentences, manipulated and continually coerced by stints to the Hole, beatings, water hosings, gassings, insulin treatments, gas therapy, and perpetual psychological harassment at the hands of psychopathic guards and prisoners-- and, predictably, Caron's descriptions of his family life depict a father who had been a strong authoritarian figure.

ROGER CARON was not a "nice" person after he was trapped and abused by the Canadian prison system. That in itself didn't distinguish him -- the prison system is not a finishing school where young people are sent to learn the finer arts of sociable living and gracious manners; but is a place where society dumps young men and women, boys and girls, to finish the job that had already been begun by society and their families in general and the school and social-worker system in particular. What does set him apart is his tenacity--the kind that gave him the strength to survive the worst the prison system could throw at him and still leave him with the inner drive it took to get his story told.

If you are the kind of person who wants philosophical and theoretical explanations for things, ROGER CARON is not your man. GO BOY! is a description of the penal system the way it was--and for the most part, still is. He is not interested in intellectual and abstract rationalizations. His reality is one solely of reactions to the instant, and although his story is a true one, it is less than satisfying in terms of its overall message. ROGER CARON was a loser in a world of losers, in a world where young people are programmed to be losers; in a milieux where even the Good Guys surrender their winnings and leave the system to be run for the most

part by mean-spirited and petty authoritarians--people who themselves would be serving prison sentences if conditions had been just slightly different in their lives, or who would be working at even lower-paying, dead-end jobs if they hadn't become prison guards.

ROGER CARON was 16 when he left home for the first time. He was transferred from the Cornwall City Gaol in 1954 to the Guelph Reformatory, to begin a sentence for Break and Enter, where he began a 25 year odyssey that has still to run its course. He has gone from being a frightened 16-year old first-timer, through a hardened, embittered, psychopathic gunman, to a 40-year old scarred and battered, hopeful writer, a teller of stories from his past; a man who now speaks to youth groups, telling them why they shouldn't be like him and describing the hell that prison life is, and who almost blessed society for "recognizing" him when he was presented with the Governor General's Award by Ed Schryer, a former provincial premier and now the chief Canadian representative of the Queen in this country, from whom all Canadian law gains its ultimate sanction.

I can't get past the irony of it all; the saddness that this story should be representing, the shame it should elicit from readers, and especially those in positions of authority over young people, gets lost and perverted because Caron is getting used again; but this time, instead of being held up in a courtroom as a symbol of what is destructive in society, he is being used as an example of the contemporary Canadian liberal heart at work. Those who victimized him and thousands like him in his youth, are now rubbing up against him, wetting themselves,proclaiming him the new darling of the coffee-tea-or-me set. His wet-eyed acceptance speech would have befitted him better had it turned into a bite on the neck for the Governor General and his entourage.

ROGER CARON'S, GO BOY! touches so many bases on so many scores that it is easy for me to forget that he really is just an ordinary person; my admiration for his effort in getting his memoirs down on paper, for relating this chronicle of contemporary Canadian horror, caused me to expect too much of the man. In the beginning his was a suffering that didn't fit the crime, as it is with most of the penitentiary prisoners in this country. He paid his dues and he deserves to be left alone, rates a little peace in his life, has earned the privilege of being a little silly, and certainly human, by letting "them" off the hook.

When you read GO BOY!, and you really should, you can't help being attracted to the youth that was ROGER CARON: a youngster who learned the hard way that to care is to suffer. But underneath everything he says, you intuit that if things had been slightly different he would have been just another hard-working lunch-bucket carrier, another of the men who are born into inauspicious circumstances, grow up without distinguishing themselves, raise a family, go to their menial tasks from eight until five, and who drop dead of heart attacks or cirrhosis of the liver without ever knowing what hit them. What distinguished Caron once he found himself amid the jungle the Canadian "correctional" process is, was that he took everything to logical conclusions--he joined all the dots by becoming exactly what they said he was. He was beaten and did his share of beating others; he stabbed another human being and nearly lost his own life to the blade; he was hated enough to be called an enemy of the public by the national media and he hated back; he broke jail and, like everyone who knuckles under to the conditions around them by becoming what the circumstances seem to dictate, he was broken by it. His story is the story of thousands of youngsters, male and female, who are conditioned to accept their lot in life and who go on to demonstrate the self-fulfilling prophecy the prison system for the most part is.

With a touching introduction by PIERRE BERTON,the man whose TORONTO STAR columns back in the late 50's had a lot to do with Ontario getting rid of its shot-gun wielding reformatory guards and daily whippings administered for everything from talking in the dining hall to refusing to make holes out of hills with a pick and shovel, GO BOY! is one of the most important penological statements ever made in this country. But, sadly, the only people who will relate to it in any kind of healthy way will be the already converted, those who already care; after muttering something about his not getting treated that way if he hadn't done something to get himself sent there in the first place, most Canadians will blithely set the book back down on the coffee table where it will lie in testament to their liberality, missing the point we should all understand by now--when you screw people around enough, early enough in life, you can be sure they'll go on to pay someone back. ROGER CARON is like the majority of us; he didn't get back at those who had it coming: like most of the people caught in the revolving door the correctional process is, he screws himself most.

SO WHAT'S NEW???

THE TRUTH ON ACTIONS OF KILLERS

GLOBE & MAIL "LETTER TO THE EDITOR"
JULY 1, 1979

IN HIS REPLY TO JOHN McMURTRY, Winfield C. McKay, member of the METROPOLITAN TORONTO BOARD of POLICE COMMISSIONERS (Hanging - July 24), states "that for every innocent executed wrongly, hundreds have died needlessly at the hands of reprieved killers who have killed again."

Statistics Canada and the federal Department of the Solicitor-General confirm that across Canada from 1961 to 1978 (17 years) only 11 people were killed by persons previously convicted of murder.

Currently, there are only nine convicted murderers who have been subsequently convicted of any crime (not homocide); statistics indicate murderers are among those least likely to get into trouble with the law a second time.

It is particularly distressing that Mr. McKay, a member of the Police Commission, should so wildly distort the truth of this matter.

Gillian Sandeman
Executive Director
Elizabeth Fry Society
Toronto

NEW CHRISTIAN SINGERS

by Paul F. Lamey

ON OCTOBER 27TH, A GROUP OF NINE people known as the NEW CHRISTIAN SINGERS performed for the inmates of Springhill Institution. It took place in the auditorium, beginning at 6:30 and running through to 8:00. The crowd was very enthusiastic towards the band and seemed to enjoy the show. The band members were BILL, ALLEN and LOUIS ANDREWS; SANDY, JUDY and SKIP WEATON;GAYLENE MARTIN; NEIL GILLIES; and BONNIE McKENZIE. There were 4 guitar players, a piano player, an accordianist and 3 singers.

All through the performance the guests read from the Scriptures, and prayed for and with us. The music ranged from old Newfoundland Christian folk songs through "Amazing Grace" to "Why Me" by Kris Kristofferson. "Why Me" seemed a favorite of the audience, since it was requested as an encore. To me, the crowd seemed to enjoy the warmth of the band and gave their complete attention. There were times in the show when a member of the group would ask the audience to join in, to sing and clap along, and the guys did just that. One song,"Will the Circle Be Unbroken," was so enthusiastically responded to that you couldn't hear the band over the singing voices of the audience. Myself, I enjoyed the mini-concert, if that is what you would like to call it. The atmosphere was perfect. Although there was an occasional inappropriate remark from a few in the crowd,it all went over very well. As the show progressed a few of the band members gave testimony and talked of their past experiences in life.

The number of inmates that decided, whether out of curiosity or whatever, to show up at this event astonished me. There were at least one hundred-and-sixty people in the audience; about five of which were our friends from the staff. Sometime during the performance, a song was dedicated to one of our guys, MEL REDDICK by ALLEN ANDREWS of the NEW CHRISTIAN SINGERS. Also, at the conclusion of the show DENNIS VEINOTTE asked ERNIE (MONK) LeBLANC to close the event with a prayer, which he did admirably well.

I know I enjoyed the performance of the NEW CHRISTIAN SINGERS and would like to thank them for all of us. We are looking forward to seeing you at the first of the New Year. Thanks again.

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A NEW PROGAM

by ALEX STEPHAN

E.D.P. -- WHAT IS IT? DO YOU HAVE TO BE AN "EINSTEIN" TO WORK AT IT?

E.D.P. is an abbreviation for ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING. Springhill was selected as the first location for a large E.D.P. establishment within the Canadian Correctional Service. The section was created to process material for larger computer installations which do not have sufficient "data entry" capabilities.

Initially, myself and the other inmates were hesitant about this very different section. The mere fact that a computer was being used caused many to quake in fear. The situation now is that the initial group of ten has mushroomed to over fifty-five and the unknown computer has become a much better known quantity. The program has now proven to be interesting, challenging and rewarding.

What do we do at Springhill? Our initial job was with the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs. We are processing Trade Mark Registration documents from microfilm to "data capture" so that the information is more readily accessible. If you did not realize it before, all trade marks used in Canada must be registered and recorded by the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs. Can you imagine running your fingers through hundreds of thousands of documents. To answer that simple question, why not use today's technology--the computer.

At Springhill we use a Key Edit 2000 Series Computer. This computer will handle up to thirty-two "data stations." This means that thirty-two inmates can sit at keypunch terminals and type information into the computer all at one time.

How have we structured the department to function so efficiently? Well, the department is divided into six sections. They are: Data Control, Coding and Verifying, Data Entry, Quality Control Operations, Training, and Typing. Each section has unique responsibilities, but they are also responsible to each other. A brief description of each follows:

1) Data Control. A group of four individuals control the flow of documents from arrival to the final tape being sent to the customer.

2) Coding. These individuals are given a one week course to learn Trade Mark requirements. Only the pertinent information is coded and punched into the computer. The more experienced and accurate coders are promoted to verifiers. The verifiers simply check the work done by the coders to ensure there is a bare minimum of mistakes or omissions.

3) Typing. A typing course is given to inmates who have good work habits and have the initiative to want to advance in the program. They have ten weeks to achieve forty-five words per minute typing speed.

4) Data Entry. Once an individual passes the typing course he is given a one week course and becomes a data entry operator.

5) Operations. These individuals are trained to initialize the system, stop the system, perform basic operation jobs, and handle quality control.

6) On-going Training. We have a continuing on-going training program due to the fact that the Parole Service (God bless their souls) are giving paroles to people working on the project, and we continually need new inmates trained to take over.

Whenever possible inmates are employed as instructors and in positions of responsibility. The staff are always available to give advice or help out with any difficulties one may encounter.

In summing up I would like to state (in my mumble opinion) that the E.D.P. program is by far the best place to work in the institution. Firstly because of our instructors. They go out of their way and quite often devote their free time to help each and all of us in many different ways, too numerous to mention here. They, as well as ourselves, realize that the opportunities for employment in these departments on the street are plentiful. If we work hard and show that we have some initiative, they will do everything in their power to help you get job interviews with outside firms. To date two inmates who had worked at our installation and have since been released have both found jobs with firms that use computer installations. Both are doing very well and seem happy with their new positions in life. Again, DAVE SEIBEL, our Installation Manager, was instrumental in both these ex-inmates finding employment in E.D.P.

While working here at Springhill in E.D.P., an inmate is paid anywheres from $2.25 to $3.00 per day depending on the job and level he is working. A new recruit, while in training gets $1.25 per day. These earnings are over and above a person's regular canteen scale of pay.

I would suggest that anyone who is not sure in which direction his life is going to go when he is released should take a very serious look at the E.D.P. program. Not only is this a very high paying field of work but if a person works hard the chances for advancement are unlimited. It will be interesting in the future to look back and see how many inmates who took this training and found employment on the outside end up back in prison. I am betting that very few will. I am not sure who initiated this program in the very beginning, but whoever it was deserves a lot of credit for a job well done. At least someone within this penal system is finally taking a giant step in the right direction, and God knows, its long past due.

"PAY AS YOU STAY" --FLORIDA STYLE

(from FORTUNE NEWS' AROUND THE NATION COLUMN)

DEATH ROW INMATES AND OTHER PRISoners who can afford it must begin paying $14.60 a day for room and board at state lockups under a 1978 law.

Department of Corrections officials last year delayed implementing the law with the hopes that the 1979 Legislature would repeal it. They didn't.

The "pay-as-you-stay" law states that all non-indigent prisoners pay room and board to the state while behind bars. The measure also demands that Florida's 20,000 prisoners honestly disclose their finances and pay for their keep if they can afford to.

"What it amounts to is demanding that Death Row prisoners pay for the electricity that will kill them" an unidentified Correctional official stated.

A state financial officer said "We're the only state that has this thing. We don't think we're going to collect as much money as we'll spend to enforce it. It's a paperwork monstrosity."

OIL ADDICTED
(Prairie Messenger Editorial)

DRUG ADDICTION, including alcoholism, has been blamed for a major proportion of the violence and crime in society.

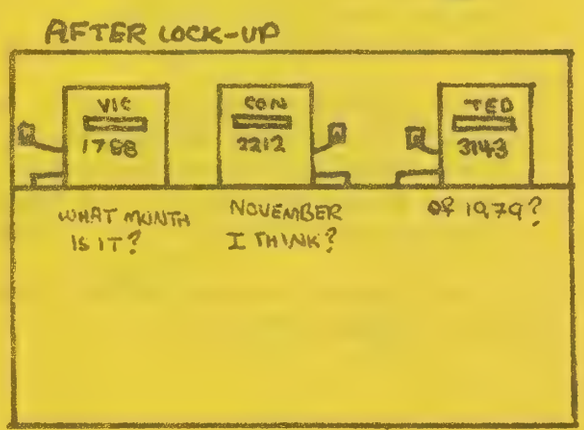
Those addicted lose their perspective of morality. Their need for a fix or a drink becomes so overpowering that anything goes to satisfy that desire--and there is always a supplier who makes a living by keeping the addiction alive.

Contemporary society is addicted. Addicted to swallowing huge quantities of energy.

GEORGE'S BANK, a stretch of ocean off Cape Cod in New England, is perhaps the world's greatest fishing grounds, nurturing 15 percent of the world's fish. Below that bank is estimated to be 123 million barrels of oil, enough to supply the U.S. for seven days, and 870 million cubic feet of natural gas, which would satisfy American appetites for less than one day. To get that meagre supply of oil and gas will take about 20 years of drilling and pumping.

Yet New England governors, oil companies and the American federal government are prepared to begin drilling on GEORGE'S BANK in late October. Sailors and fishermen fear the consequences: blowouts of wells, flotsam of jelled crude, risky tanker traffic in treacherous ocean shoals.

Twenty years of work to gamble on 15 percent of the world's fish, all to keep one energy-addicted nation dependent for another week.



NATIONAL AFFILIATION FOR LITERACY ADVANCE

"EACH ONE TEACH ONE"

THE ABOVE THEME "EACH ONE TEACH ONE" AND THE DIAGRAM OF TWO PEOPLE SHARing a book is the familiar logo of the LAUBACH LITERACY PROGRAM. This program is a worldwide organization which is concerned with teaching the illiterate people of the world to read and write.

I am very happy to announce that Springhill Institution has just recently had a tutoring workshop that was taught by MRS. THELMA BLINN from Halifax. The workshop was a great success and we now have fourteen current members of N.A.L.A. (National Affiliation for Literacy Advance) in the institution.

The council in Springhill is called "Brother to Brother" and we are happy to be a part of N.A.L.A. Inside the institution a person would be quite surprised at the number of illiterate people serving time. It is admirable that there are a large number of people inside the institution who are willing to help their brothers learn to read and write.

I don't think a person can overlook the amount of care and concern a person has to have inside himself to be willing to make use of his free time to teach someone to read and write. I think any such person deserves a big thank you; not only from Laubach supervisors but also from people who aren't. These people are helping to make life a lot easier for a lot of people.

There is scheduled in November on the 19th and 20th another tutoring workshop. I hope there are some concerned people reading this article that will want to take the tutoring course. If there is someone interested, they can contact me: Glen Thompson, Unit 10-F-12, or Pat O'Brien at the school.

I wish also to call to your attention that we are looking for people (students) who are unable to read and/or write. If anybody knows of such a person could they contact the above and let us know.

Lastly, I wish to thank the following people who helped me get this program off the ground:

Mr. Len Leblanc -- Without his support and enthusiasm we may still be trying to start the program.

Mr. Pat O'Brien -- Who's efforts and time are well appreciated and needed.

Miss Ann-Marie Downie -- Who's continual advice and support were a large factor in initiating the program.

Mrs. Thelma Blinn -- Who taught the tutoring workshop, but who also helped a great deal behind the scenes.

The Fourteen Tutors -- Who's motto is "EACH ONE TEACH ONE."

I am looking forward to the upcoming workshops and hope they will be as great a success as our last.

Kindest regards,

Glen Thompson

Glen Thompson, Chairman,
Brother to Brother Council

To The Editor: (the MONCTON TIMES)

I have just returned from teaching a course in wood carving in the Springhill penitentiary. It was the best week of my life as far as satisfaction goes. I feel I have achieved something.

I was amazed at the conduct of these prisoners. They respected me so much that it was hard to believe they were prisoners. Sometimes I felt like asking them what they had done to be put there.

They were obedient, quiet; I never heard a bad word out of them all week. They are also very intelligent; most of them were very religious, half a dozen wanted to carve a wooden Holy Bible, so they did after I had showed them how it was done and they also carved their names, the date and the year on them.

So we went along all week. I think it was the best thing that ever happened to these guys. I had to fill out a report of what my opinions were at the end of the week and it was hard to find the words good enough to put down.

I heard some of them saying while they were working that they were never going back again when their terms are finished. "I'm going home and opening up my own shop and put an ad in the paper and I am sure I can make my living with a little practice," they said. I said, "Now you're talking, you can make a living at it and be your own boss and everything."

One day one fellow came up to me and said: "Gee, nice smell to this pine wood. It's a nice way to pass the time away carving this wood."

I said, "Yes, I spend all my time at it." He was quick to reply: "Yes, but you do it outside." So I replied: "Yes, but if you do things right you can do it outside."

The last day before I left they came one by one, shook hands with me and said: "Thank you very much Mr. Gallant for the good instructions you gave us during this week, it was so interesting we wish you could come back for at least another week, we would like to learn a little bit more about it." So I said: "We will leave that up to the big fellows to decide." So really I couldn't get over it. They insisted on calling me Mr. Gallant. I said, "You can call me Art if you wish." So they thought it was not polite to call me Art, it should be Mr. Gallant so I said OK call me anything you wish but don't call me late for lunch.

It was a little frightening at first working with a bunch of inmates with each a knife in their hands, but after the first day I was right at home and not a bit frightened.

I would encourage any person with the knowledge of arts to give prisoners a course and not be afraid. I think most of these fellows are very glad when someone from the outside comes in and gives them some help.

The first morning the wardens took a bunch of them to my car to unload lumber and equipment and when they saw the carvings in my back window of my car they said: "I might as well go back in the field to work, I'll never be able to make things like that." So I said: "Don't be foolish, just give me 3 hours and then I would like your opinions." By noon they had changed their minds.

Arthur Gallant,
DIEPPE, N.B.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS

by bob eby

LIVIN' DOWN HERE IN THIS HERE NECK O' THE WOODS IS LAK SITTIN' ON A FUR-in planet, speedin' yer way from nowheres, passin' threw nowheres, headin' inta nowheres; but, ever onct ina while somethin' comes up that grabs ya where ya lives and sets things aright fer a spell.

NEPTUNE THEATRE's production of the JOHN GRAY musical, I8 WHEELS was one of those happenings. Professional theatre rolled its way into this medium-security prison one Sunday afternoon in October, and left guys reeling with thoughts of life on the open road, with its greasy spoons and big-breasted broads and King of the Road cops and rockin' and a-rollin' cowboy-booted truckers and country and western C.B.ers macho-struttin' for each other while their broken-hearted-blues wives sit at home staring at soap operas and fantacizing nights with the Bionic Man and Wonderwoman.

It was all there, and so were they: DENNY DOHERTY of The Mamas and The Popas fame, played a laid-back, barrel-chested James New, a long-time trucker on Canada's highways; KEITH DINICOL, who has played major roles in everything from OTHELLO through SHERLOCK HOLMES, portrayed one of the funniest characters I've ever seen when he did Vern, a true dip-stick-trucker all the way; the very beautiful WANDA WILKINSON, one of Canada's most popular actresses, was wonderfully wicked once she came-out as Molly, the turned-around-leave-your-closet-at-home wife of a typical "a woman's place is in the home" trucker; ROSS DOUGLAS brought his character, Lloyd, alive with a characterization of a typical and wonderfully human ordinary Joe trying to make out in life. Lloyd, too, is a trucker, a Man of the Road, totally anesthetized to everything except his Big Rig and the worries of making a living and being a Real Man in a world conspiring against individualism and the Little Guy--ROSS DOUGLAS milked the sense of soap opera in us all and left more than one of us taking an extra swallow when Lloyd reveals his inner pain during one of ROSS DOUGLAS' renditions of a JOHN GRAY ballad; and then there was Sadie . . . I mean, SUSAN WRIGHT, who's absolutely believable Sadie had all the truckers panting after her chile-buns at the Hollywood Diner and Grill,and who left this old rabbit chaser howling with mirth while she spoofed the Greasers with satirical looks at themselves, going over most of their heads, leaving them like spots on the road a long way right of center.

When I said that professional theatre had come to Springhill, it was professional through and through: the set was designed by GUIDO TONDINO and was something ten technicians took two hours to erect. There were 13 seven-foot-high West Coast mirrors ringing the stage, with lighting and colours consistent with the Big Rig motiff. A life size mock-up of a truck's cab sat on stage and complemented the costumes of down-filled vests,blue jeans, cowboy boots and the baseball caps we all wore when we were still emulating big league ball players.

In keeping with the trucker's motiff, the musical score ran the gamut from parodies of whining country and western poor whiteman's blues, to raunchy rock and roll,into some of the prettiest blues a person could ever hope to hear, peaking with jazz licks on guitar and keyboards that were enough to make a buff's eyes water and jack-knifing back into good, solid country and western, the kind the snobs like to say is "pop" because its too good to be country. KEVIN HEAD's electric and acoustic guitar-runs were outstanding, but always in keeping with what was going down at the time. The music was an organic part of the whole production and did not distract from the players' lines;except for one spot that caused me to lose a few words delivered by one of the players, and that was when I caught one of J.P. ELLIS' blues-runs on electric piano--it took my breath away. DARLENE DUBE's sound work in an auditorium notorious for its bad acoustics played a big part in rendering this the most professional presentation we've ever had here. Professional lighting, costuming, staging, direction, management and presentation was what it was all about--we even had a visit from JOHN NEVILLE, now Artistic Director at Neptune Theatre, but even more significantly an acting contemporary of LAURENCE OLIVIER and the heavyweights on the stages of the world. JOHN GRAY, writer and musical director of the production was in attendance, as was the director,RICHARD OUZOUNIAN. Cheez... it was like a night out on the town.

But, even with highly polished players and musicians, technicians and managers, a production still can only be as good as the play itself . . . and JOHN GRAY's I8 WHEELS is fine theatre. It is a musical with a strong story line: one that talks of the romanticism of freedom on the open road, where a man is his own boss and as good as he works at being. It talks of

the ribbon of highway that spans this land, with its truck stops and coast to coast scenic beauty. I8 WHEELS is good social commentary: JOHN GRAY has captured in comedy and pathos the cliché that a trucker's life for the most part is. He plugs into ready-made audience hooks and drew applause every time Newfoundland got mentioned. "A woman's place is in the home" brought cheers from the Real Men in the audience, and Sadie's biographical aside, telling of her Depression Days' youth squandered on a man who "took advantage" of her by promising to make her a star, drew derisive remarks from the hard-noses and sympathetic nods from those who know what it is to dream and lose out. GRAY uses the audience's proclivity for down-to-earth simplicity in their religion in Riding with Jesus--much the same way FRANK ZAPPA did with "I don't care if it rains or freezes, long as I got my plastic Jesus, riding on the dashboard of my car." The Cheating Wife syndrome is tapped and went one step further with this audience when Molly states that having a husband "is like being on parole." Like all good theatre, it has a little something for everybody. And, as with all good satire, the parodies had to be delicately balanced: JOHN GRAY accomplished this with James New's monologues, telling of the hardships of the open road, such as the fate of 60 people involved in a pile-up on Highway 400 when 12 were killed, pointing out that if the numbers of people being killed on Canadian highways were attributed to a plague people would be running from the area. GRAY zings us all when Lloyd tells his tale of woe about the Little Guy being ignored and abused by the large firms, and we sympathetically sail along with Lloyd's plight, only to have another message driven home when we are told that "when it comes to Molly's feelings (his wife's), Lloyd might as well be blind." He covered a lot of Canadian culture, from beer drinking punch-you-in-the-mouth Rednecks, through macho-man trucking jocks, to out-of-the-closet liberated females seeking not freedom but surrogated equality with their chauvinistic men. I8 WHEELS is more than just commentary on the lives of truckers; we're all in there somewhere, and just like in real life, there is more than one side to all things. JOHN GRAY brings this out by always having an "explanation" for why the characters are the way they are. The play is warmly human. There is no heavy trip being laid down. No-one should walk away hurt . . . a little more thoughtful, yes, but not hurt.

And, of course, for a theatre piece to be good it has to include individual performances that contribute to the whole, creating a synergism, a rendering of the whole equalling more than a sum of its parts. KEITH DINICOL shone throughout the presentation, with his comedy skits weaving in and out of everything going on on stage; DENNY DOHERTY's charisma and sense of theatre brought high drama to his monologues and professionally done songs; and no-one will forget WANDA WILKINSON as Molly when she comes out as a housewife turned truck-driving-vamp--Wicked Wanda rides again, leaving the all male audience lusting after her body while the lyric line candy coated the shallowness of her "liberation"; ROSS DOUGLAS did a pantomime sketch that brought the house down and did a beautiful rendition of JOHN GRAY's ballad, Bet You Won't Be Lonesome--a parody of "everybody's playing one of those done somebody wrong songs"; and, SUSAN WRIGHT as Sadie will not be forgot, but especially for her performances when Sadie is telling her story in All My Friends Said and her ballsy, throaty treatment of Riding With Jesus.

It was a quality NEPTUNE THEATRE production all the way, and was made possible by the PRISON ARTS FOUNDATION, the INMATE COMMITTEE at this institution and REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS IN MONCTON. And, again, the SECURITY DEPARTMENT at this institution handled everything diplomatically, tactfully carrying out their responsibilities without creating any unnecessary hostilities. RON ARSENAULT and ARDEN THURBER are thanked for setting the whole affair up and I for one am looking forward to more of the same.

The standing ovation the players of NEPTUNE THEATRE got for their performances in JOHN GRAY's I8 WHEELS is repeated here--thank you for a very fine afternoon's entertainment. Good luck in this year's Fall/Winter season from the guys at Springhill, where the pavement ends.

A DECENT PLACE TO WORK

Anonymous

THE SPACE AGE, WITH ITS POLLUTANT mass production methods, has left little room for the craftsman --the master worker who creates things with his hands and mind. Today, hundreds of items are cut-out, stamped-out and printed-up. There are no "ones" within the grasp of the common person. He may see a "one" but he can rarely afford it, except if he creates it himself.

The UPHOLSTERY SHOP at this institution is housed in the Industrial Building, along with the other industrial shops. The atmosphere of this rectangular, concrete block box, with its lofty ceiling is quiet but industrious. People working there are enjoying what they are doing. There is no production schedule to keep; nor is there a lion tamer with a manifesto oriented toward hurry.

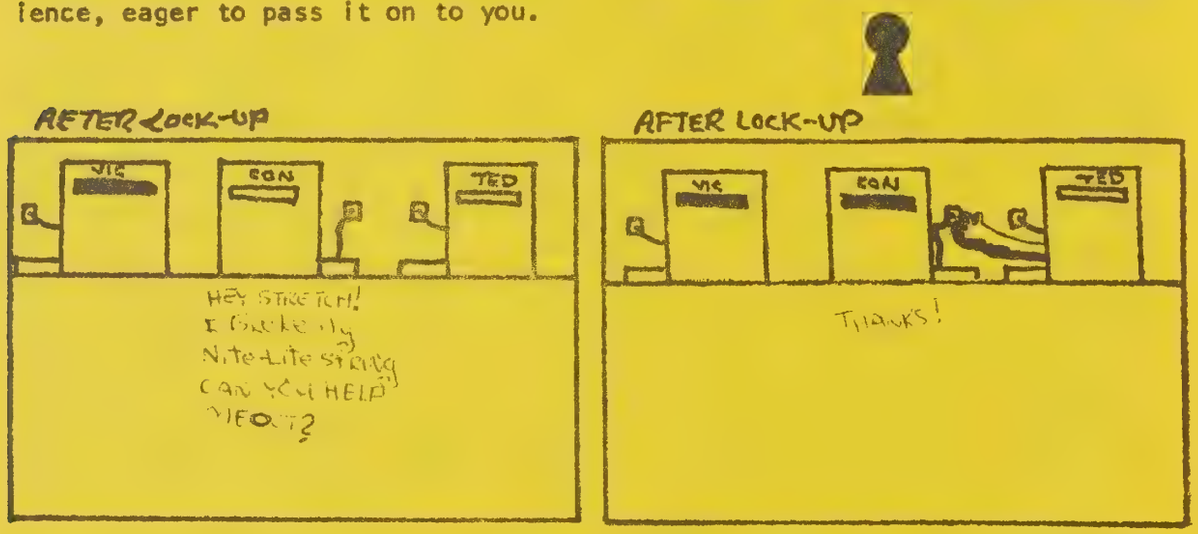
"Take your time, don't rush."

"Think... think about what you are doing; there might be a better way." Encouraging words from a true teacher, a man with years of experience, eager to pass it on to you.

The UPHOLSTERY SHOP is an experience in learning, but like anything else it has its drawbacks. The trade isn't recognized as an accredited course here at Slammer U and papers aren't issued. That's not saying a person can't be gainfully employed in this trade, of course not. If a person has the skill, he can certainly find work.

Aside from the opportunity to learn a good paying craft, the UPHOLSTERY SHOP offers the student an excellent past-time or hobby after release. A hobby in which he can create a "one" for himself or someone else he cares about, or in which he can make a replica of one of those items few of us can afford to pay for. The UPHOLSTERY SHOP offers all this and more. The "more" being self gratification and satisfaction in learning and creating something of value.

It is my belief that if there were more shops and activities that contribute to a person's finding things to do while here that are satisfying to the individual, as the UPHOLSTERY SHOP is, there would be fewer people return to a lifestyle that can lead back to prison. JAN NORDEN runs that kind of shop.



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N.I.B CULTURE DAY

by bob eby

SATURDAY AFTERNOON,SEPTEMBER THE 29TH, SIX DAYS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE full moon, the NATIVE INDIAN BROTHERHOOD of Springhill Institution called a gathering of their friends and families together for their SIXTH ANNUAL CULTURE DAY. They came from towns and cities across Nova Scotia, and from the reservations at Truro and Shubenacadie; mostly Micmac--people of the Wapna'ki Confederacy (Wapna'ki in Micmac meaning "Land of the People of the Light, Dawn or now East"). They are the great grandsons and granddaughters of the original Maritimers . . . people who came into the auditorium to meet with their friends, their sons,their loved ones on feet gentle, treading with grace, unobtrusively, quietly gathering to spend a few hours with those without freedom. And with them came Wejkwapniaq (the Micmac word for "Coming of the Dawn")--bringers of the dawn, the light, the joy of a few hours spent in peace and fellowship with those who care about one another.

NOEL KNOCKWOOD of Truro, a Micmac Medicine Man, opened the festival with a Sweetgrass Prayer. The scent of burning sweetgrass and smoking tobacco permeated the hall with an aromatic subtleness that touched everyone,bringing people closer through companionship and sharing. NOEL KNOCKWOOD'S message was one of gentleness, unity and non-sectarianism: the passing of the pipe took in all four points of the compass, all peoples of the Earth--an ecumenical offering to all who would hear.

The Sweetgrass Ceremony was completed with the chanting and drumming of ROSE and BEN MORRIS of the Millbrook Band at Truro, accompanied by PHILIP MORRIS and a Native lady named CAROLINE. The chanting had an eerie effect on the gathering: coupled with the serene atmosphere NOEL KNOCKWOOD had created with the Sweetgrass Ceremony, the rhythmic chanting and drumming had an almost hypnotic effect, again, drawing all people who could hear together.

ADRIAN PAUL of the Springhill Brotherhood addressed the more than seventy-five gathered and explained what it means to be a member of the Native Indian Brotherhood at this institution. And, typical of the Native Indian approach to words, there were few.

CHIEF STAN JOHNSON of the Millbrook Band at Truro, who is also president of the Union of Nova Scotia Indians and Chairperson at Halifax's Native Friendship Centre, explained about the diversion projects the Centre is involved with and the need for more Native Indian input into the criminal justice system. He spoke of one of the Nova Scotia reservations as being the first place in Canada where a Tribal Court will be set up--a community approach to replacing the usual kind of justice meted out to Native Indian peoples.

DWIGHT DORRY of the Native Council of Nova Scotia then spoke about the three main issues that contemporary Canadian society is faced with in regard to Native Indians. He spoke of the need for a Native Constitution, Native Indian Land Rights, and, something the Canadian governments have traditionally tried to ignore, the existence of Aboriginal Rights as they appear in the British North America Act; but which Canadian lawmakers would have us believe their day-to-day amendments take precedence over. He spoke of all Native Indians needing to become more aware of their rights and getting out and working, pushing the government to respect those same aboriginal rights as laid down in early Canadian law but, for the most part, now ignored.

Sitting in the back of the room, scanning, keeping an eye out for that spectacular happening that would give me the Writer's Scoop of the Month, I came to realize that Native Indian history and experience is all tied up with some incontrovertible facts: these people are different, they want to remain different, and it should be their right to be different. Watching two little guys, SONNY and RAYMOND SOCK, playing, pointed out the truth of what I was thinking: they played flat-out, innocent of the restrictions of their surroundings; not noticing that the world is changing all around them while they are at play; not aware that there are forces at work to destroy all individualistic, different behaviour; unaware that society's demands are what takes precedence over the wishes of the few, the individual, and that unless one finds a way to walk a middle path, an avenue between the demands of the many against the wishes of the few, the few will disappear, and do. History should teach that if nothing else.

The chanters came out again and set up their drum in the middle of the room. The four of them sat around in a tight circle, thumping their rhythms out on the hide covering, sending a pleasing throbbing throughout the gathering. A pleasant side effect of the chanting and drumming was that quiet conversation could still go on without interfering with those who wanted to just listen; nor did the chanting and drumming, although penetrating to all parts of the auditorium, take the room over. It melodically filled space with a pleasing and atmosphere-setting music, something that only gently pulled you along. The Native lady chanter, CAROLINE, the one who took the highest notes, was having as much fun reaching for them as I was listening and watching.

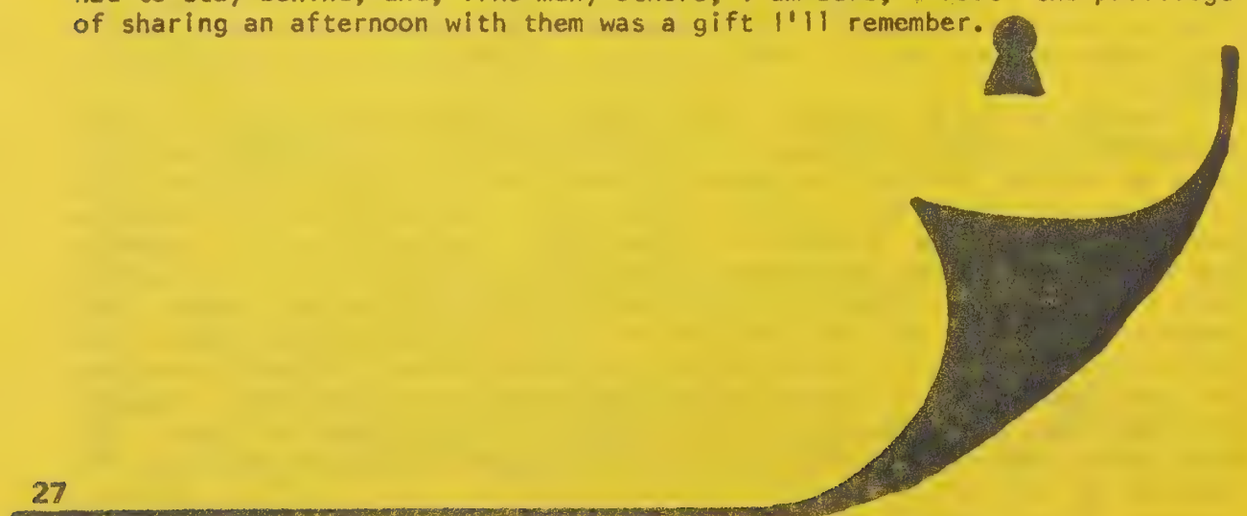
FATHER HARRY McNEIL of the Micmac Reservation at Shubenacadie then rose and spoke. He immediately, within one or two sentences, became my favorite speaker: unlike almost everyone who walks into a medium-security prison, he was sensitive to the fact that loss of freedom is what institutions of this nature are mostly about. He went on to point out that the highest percentage of ethnic peoples in prisons across the country are Native Indians. He explained that since he has lived on a reservation for the past six years he has come to understand why there is such a high degree of incidence with the criminal justice system among Native Indian people: he correlates the loss of pride and breakdown of Native culture with the over-representation of Native Indians in the country's prisons. Alcohol and drug abuse are direct manifestations of this loss of culture and the only way Native Indians are going to gain back their nationhood and pride is to gain back their culture. He spoke of the disparity between the size of government budgets set aside for Native Indian matters and the actual filtering down that gets to the people who need the money to upgrade their lives. And, the Most Significant and Worldly Statement of the Year Award goes out to FATHER McNEIL for saying, "There is a lot of work to be done in making the community a home and not just another system of repression."

We then shared in a buffet luncheon: a feast of devilled eggs and cold cuts, pickles and cheeses, salads and various unnameable goodies as prepared by EMERSON PAUL and BERNIE PETERS, two Native Brothers who work in the kitchen and who did a wonderful job preparing the evening meal for the gathering.

DARRYLL AUGUSTINE, President of the Native Indian Brotherhood at this institution then took the podium and thanked all in attendance for their participation. He expressed the gratitude of the Brotherhood to the Union of Nova Scotia Indians, the Micmac Friendship Centre and the Native Alcohol and Drug Abuse people for giving a cash donation, making the banquet possible. Two "fireplace" lamps were given out as door prizes and the guest speakers were thanked for their presentations. He also apologized to JOE BASHA for having to cancel Joe's address at the last moment, because of a lack of time. Joe graciously accepted the apology and smilingly ate another devilled egg.

DARRYLL then asked RON ARSENAULT, Social and Cultural Development Officer here, to address the gathering. Ron thanked everyone who participated, pointing out that without the cooperation of the SECURITY DEPARTMENT and the VISITS & CORRESPONDENCE people, functions of this kind could not take place. He modestly explained that his job is to assist groups like the Brotherhood in putting on functions of this nature but that the real credit belongs to those participating. He received a round of applause for his contribution.

Little SONNY and RAYMOND slowed down enough to wave goodbye to those who had to stay behind; and, like many others, I am sure, I felt the privilege of sharing an afternoon with them was a gift I'll remember.



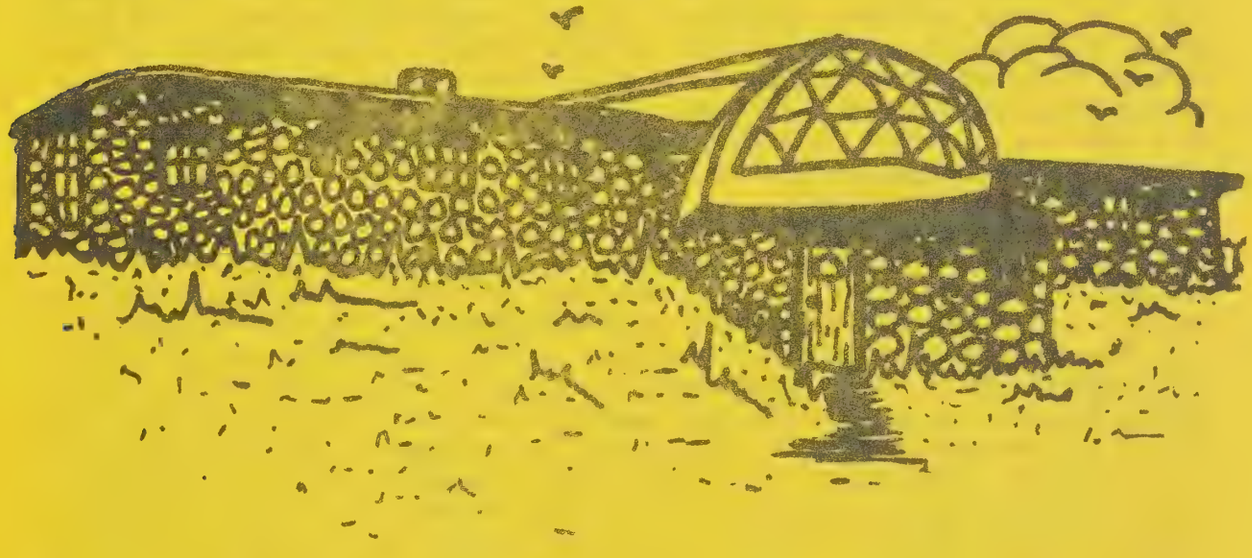
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

by bob eby

IT IS A FACT THAT IT COSTS UPWARDS OF $30 AND MORE A SQUARE FOOT TO HAVE a contractor build a traditional-type house for you. It is also certain that financing that house will put you into debt with a mortgage company for the next 25 years of your life, ensuring that you have to keep working for the Man to pay off what you owe. But, like most things in life--especially the fun things--there is more than one way to have your house and own it too, while keeping all the icing for yourself. Why not build your dream house out of firewood? Yeh, that's right... firewood. And by doing so, you'll be able to build yourself a house that will outlast the best of the contractor-built homes, and do it for less than $4 a square foot.

JACK HENSTRIDGE, author of the book, BUILDING THE CORDWOOD HOME, came down from Oromocto, New Brunswick last Friday night and met with a group of about forty guys interested in learning about a way to free themselves of landlords, mortgage companies and the need to work the rest of their lives to own a home that will at best be a poor imitation of what they would have built if they could have done it themselves. He brought about 300 colour slides, taken in all regions of Canada and the United States, depicting other homes built using the "cordwood" style of building. He also brought DICK de JONG,his neighbour and fellow enthusiast when it comes to alternate forms of housing and ways of finding new energy sources. Dick assisted Jack and contributed to the excitement of the evening by adding to Jack's wonderfully corny jokes and anecdotes dropped on our unsuspecting tender ears.

Jack's message went something like this: "Why pay someone else to build a matchbox for you to live in when you can construct your own place, have fun doing it, and free yourself of having to go to the System that is geared to screw and enslave you, while failing to give you what you need?" Nothing he said during the evening fell on unhearing ears: it was almost as though he was reading our minds, answering questions many of us have entertained at one time or another. He said things like, "If you want to be free of the system that enslaves most Canadians, you've got to find ways of not needing so much money to live on... that way you don't have to work most of your life getting what Nature is already supplying the animals with for free." Corny, overstated, too simplistic, idealistic nonsense... to some, that is the answer; but for many of those listening and watching, JACK HENSTRIDGE was making a lot of sense... and we listened.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT is about 3,000 square feet in area. It cost him between $2 and $3 a square foot complete... he owns it outright. He and his wife and transient pairs of hands took one summer to build it, and in the process of doing so, learned enough about STACKWALL CONSTRUCTION to write a book about it. The technique certainly isn't a new one--it's been around since before Jesus walked on the water--but it has been "forgotten" by those who make their livings off selling you fancy-cut lumber and building bricks and aluminum siding and plastic this and thats that don't do as good a job at keeping the heat in and the cold and wet out as does Nature's product, the tree.

If the artist's conception on the previous page appears to be built of field stone, it is because the foot-long pieces of firewood are laid side by side, ends pointing outward and inward, just like you would if you were stacking firewood for your kitchen stove. The difference here is that the firewood or wood building blocks are cemented together with a mortar made from lime, sand and Portland cement. The mortar is placed at each end of the wood blocks, leaving an airspace in the middle that can be filled with a mixture of lime and sawdust or other insulating compound. A fascinating aspect of using more lime than is usual in the mortar is that not only will lime mortar outlast ordinary mortar used in brick constructions but it also preserves the wood it surrounds. And, since the wood blocks are only exposed at each end, it is almost impossible to get the walls burning or permit entry to pests and insects. It is also a fact that the wood blocks will outlast you as long as they don't come into contact with the ground; and even this can be overcome if you want to take the extra time and money to treat the lower courses of wood blocks with creosote or other wood preserving agents that prevent the acid in soil from causing wood to rot. Jack's walls took somewhere around ten cords of wood to construct, which means the walls cost something like $300 plus the cost of the mortar.

JACK HENSTRIDGE stumbled on the CORDWOOD WALL concept, but he was so impressed with it and what it can do for those people who choose not to plug into the System that most people get trapped into, that he wrote and published his book on cordwood homes and now travels around passing out the word to folks who care enough about their lives to listen. We spent over three hours with him and walked away having learned that the pioneer spirit is a long way from dead, and there are quite a number of us that want to learn more about ways in which we can benefit from looking at certain kinds of things in unorthodox ways.

Out of that spirit, hoping to make contact with other people like JACK HENSTRIDGE and DICK de JONG, we are setting up a group to be called BREAKING OUT. It will be a discussion group that will meet every second Friday evening under the supervision and aegis of ARDEN THURBER, the Head of Social Development. The group will number no more than forty and will deal with topics such as solar energy and its uses, alternate lifestyles, unorthodox forms of house construction, ways of making a living other than the 8 till 5 route and so on. Once the group begins meeting, we'll broaden out into areas the participants are interested in knowing about. The bottom-line philosophy of the group will be to meet informally, while investigating ways and means to break out of what has become the prevalent style of living on this continent. People interested in knowing more will be kept informed through posted notices once we get things rolling, or can cut into ARDEN THURBER, the Head of Social Development, or BOB EBY, the group's co-ordinator.

JACK HENSTRIDGE'S book, BUILDING THE CORDWOOD HOME, is still available by writing Jack at RURAL ROUTE ONE, OROMOCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, E2V 2G2. It sells for $7.00 and is not only a bargain because it gives you detailed floorplans for his house and others, but because it will reinforce the free spirit and pioneer urges that still exist in most of us, and that will surface fullblown if given a chance to express themselves. It's your life... make it an artform.

SCOTT PAPER IS AT IT AGAIN

by greg scott

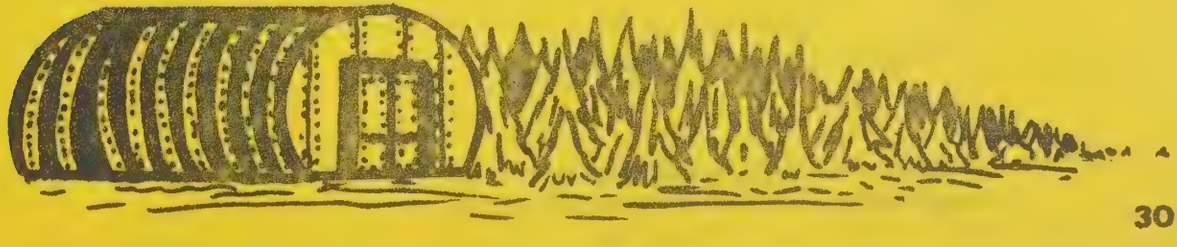
SPRINGHILL IS THE SITE OF A ONE and one-half million dollar project which will see prisoners paid the PROVINCIAL MINIMUM WAGE of $2.75 an hour to work at something different than the usual prison "employment." On April 24th, J.J. BLAIS, then SOLICITOR GENERAL, turned the sod to open construction on a large tree nursery inside the perimeter of this prison, the first of its kind anywhere in Canada. SCOTT PAPER'S TIMBERLAND DIVISION, in co-operation with the National Headquarters of the CORRECTIONAL SERVICE CANADA and this institution have worked out a cost-sharing program for the project, which has moved ahead at a remarkable rate, especially when compared with other government projects.

Over a million dollars has been provided for the project by the ECONOMIC GROWTH COMPONENT of CANADA WORKS in anticipation of the sixty-odd seasonal jobs which will be created in the local community when the time comes to plant the 5 million seedlings expected to be produced every year. Men in the institution have been involved in the construction phase of the project. A large hanger-type building with attached greenhouses and a series of unheated buildings have gone up in record time, and I asked the prisoner workers if they minded paying the institution 18½% of their wage for room and board. Although there were a few comments about it seeming queer to pay to stay in jail, for the most part, everyone was quick to point out that after this deduction, they still received $125.00 every two weeks, about ten times the average institutional pay. They are allowed to draw up to $25.00 every two weeks for their canteen, as they are not paid the regular daily wage of the institution while working on the project. The rest of the money is placed in the individual's Inmate Trust Fund for use after release. Most of the workers on the construction phase will only be employed for about six weeks, while those who are hired to work in the operational phase will be expected to stay much longer, as the need for "on the job training" makes it impossible to spread the jobs around so that everybody gets a shot at the money. Twenty to thirty seasonal jobs will be available to the population every year as the seedlings need to be weeded out. Approximately eight workers will be assigned to fulltime employment in the nursery, scheduled to open sometime this winter.

New employees will be expected to sign an agreement with SCOTT PAPER, stating the terms of employment, but there is nothing unusual in this--most employers request some type of written agreement, just to make sure that everything is clear.

Mr. GORDON JOY, a C.S.C. WORK OPPORTUNITIES DIRECTOR at Headquarters said in LET'S TALK, a staff publication, "the men will get a sense of pride learning to cope with a man's job, and the fatigue of muscles grown slack in institutions." Although Mr. Joy underestimates the amount of work done in the other shops, there is something to be said for working at a job which has some meaning, as opposed to the traditional making of dustpans or mailboxes.

Eventually, some questions will have to be answered about the implications of this type of work arrangement. We don't yet know the effect of forcing a man to pay room and board for a prison cell, or what about those who don't get an opportunity to work for these wages, as well as the position of PRISONERS' RIGHTS when we begin paying Income Tax, Unemployment Insurance and Canada Pension. At this point, however, one has to say that it seems to be a step in the right direction.



Think again, Ernestown, before you slam the door

(The Kingston Whig-Standard, Ontario, July 25, 1979)

"A DAMNED SHAME" IS PUTTING IT MILDLY.

That's what clerk-treasurer ROSS BLAKELY said when an inmate work project was suspended by the Ernestown township council last week. The suspension was the result of a public outcry led by a number of Millhaven maximum security prison guards.

A petition of over 300 names was presented to council by a delegation whose concerns were twofold: The seven prisoners were taking jobs (in the arena and parks) which might otherwise have gone to local teenagers, and they were making it unsafe to walk the streets.

Even if the protest had not been instigated by prison guards, it would have been suspect.

First, as the signatories must admit, it is unlikely that any teenager, let alone seven of them, would have done the work for $50 a month, the honorarium being paid the prisoners (who have carpentry and welding skills). Even if the pay were better -- in which case council couldn't have afforded to have all the work done--prisoners should be given the opportunity to work, to learn to hold a job, to experience the satisfaction of doing a good one, of being appreciated for it, just as much as teenagers. If we hope that one goal of the prison system is to set people straight, we must give them the opportunity.

Second, as to safety in the streets, citizens without any connection with the prison system might be excused if they confused the maximum security prison at Millhaven with the minimum security prison in Bath nearby, but the "ringleaders" of the protest, the Millhaven guards, certainly knew that the prisoners employed by the Ernestown recreation department were from the minimum security prison.

None of the prisoners chosen had records involving sex crimes or violence, according to a prison spokesman. All had earned day-work rights by good behaviour and all were well screened by prison officials. The guards must have known that the prisoners would be well supervised at all times.

Certainly the most offensive aspect of this issue is the fact that prison guards instigated the protest. Sure, they are citizens like everyone else, and sure they have their worries about wives and children; but they, of all people must have realized that this was a relatively innocuous project. We know that one of the most fundamental problems in the prison system today is the incredible antipathy that exists between the guards and the guarded. This certainly won't help alleviate that antagonism.

The whole issue sounds as though it were cooked up by a bunch of rednecks, to upset the community and thus to make it more difficult for prisoners in general. One wonders how there can be any hope of rehabilitating men and women if they have to deal with that kind of attitude every day?

That council went along with it also is unfortunate. We only hope that at their meeting this week to "further study the question" they will decide to allow the project to continue.

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WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

Chapter Two

IN . . . FOR GOOD.

EARLY MORNING, DAY TWO, ANITOWN, 1962:

LYING IN A POOL OF BLOOD, WHERE I'D EITHER ROLLED OR BEEN THROWN BY THE goon squad, I was having trouble figuring out where I was. Every movement told me that wherever I was, I was in trouble. When I tried opening my eyes, seeing as though looking through a screen or a set of bars, it was a moment or two before I figured out that it was my own eyelashes I was looking through, that my face was so bloated around my eyes there were only two thin slits left through which to see. My chin was pressed down against my chest, a pressure at the back of my head tipping it, frightening me because it took a while before I realized that my body was scrunched up into a corner of the cell, with my head pressing up against the wall, restricting backward and forward movement, allowing only sideways, agonizing turns. My arms felt pinned to the floor; the fingers of my right hand had obviously been stomped on and wouldn't open for me. I brought my left hand up to my face, touching the soreness, sensing the cuts and bruises, awed by the sensation of discovery, learning about the new me, wondering what I looked like, realizing that it didn't matter because those who would be seeing me for the next five years would only see what they were looking for anyway. My nose was plugged with caked blood,making breathing only possible by taking swallows of air down through my mouth into my boot-battered chest,where my ribs seemed to be struggling with a universal pressure -- a whale beach-

ed, smothering under its own weight. A survey of my upper torso with my good left hand, the pretty hook I should have thrown instead of saving it for a rainy day, a flood that drained the bank anyway, told me that my ribs weren't broken, only feeling that way. The phrase, "You've got too much balls, Jesse" took on new meaning when I got down to sensing my groin area. My nuts were swollen the size of small oranges, sending stomache-turning spasms throughout my psyche, leaving me thinking they must have been trying to stomp the me out of any future procreation I might do, sensing that the me's of the world could multiply, making pay-back time in their time a reality, making "what goes round comes round" more than just an idle philosophical cliché, a neat-sounding thing to say to middle-class pussies who can't get it on, giving them a chance to nod knowingly as if they had ever in their lives seriously considered paying anyone back face to face, cause to effect.

Through the haze of my confusion dawned the realization that this was the first 24 hours in my five-year sentence; my first time in the pen and here I am lying in a pool of my own blood, sloughed-up in the Hole, afraid to try getting up for fear I'll learn something I don't really need to know. I sensed that my aches and pains were minimal compared to what was coming. Illusions I might have had about my powers of self-dependency were quickly losing out to the sinking feeling that I was somehow at the end of a long and twisting path, one whose convolutions kept bringing me back to the point that would put me on the one that brought me to where I was. It seemed that my whole life had been concentrated upon getting me to this point in time, when living and dying all seemed to hold out the same thing, all culminating in the principle that I was as I had always been . . . alone, absolutely alone . . . and afraid.

* * *

5:15 P.M., DAY ONE, ANITOWN, 1967:

"OKEH, ROBBINS, PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON AND LET'S GO" said a tall grey-haired man from the back of the group. "You're going to the Hole until we can determine what you've got to hide. You can walk down on your own or we can carry you; it's just as easy for us either way, you already know that."

I walked....

I walked, surrounded by the five of them, knowing that all I had to do was hint at a deviation from the path to the Main Dome and I would find myself smothered by four sets of bone crushing maulers, with the fifth standing outside the action, assessing, watching for the pressure point that would render the struggler helpless -- with or without damage, depending upon who we all were, the mood of the situation, and to what degree fear was the motivating force; the more afraid they were of me, the more they would "punish" me. It was as simple as that.

I didn't need the hassle, so I strolled along with them, putting out as much defiance as I could without actually saying or doing anything that would excite them into action. Experience had taught me that they were extremely sensitive creatures; even the slightest movement that could signify a future attack would stir them into "retalitory" action. We made it to the Main Dome without incident and I was led over towards the Bell where the keeper-of-the-day stood waiting. He was leaning up against the edge of the table-top surface that surrounded the Bell at waist level, taking it all in, disinterested, as though the sight of five, uniformed, two-hundred pound men surrounding one medium-sized, slenderly built convict was an everyday thing. One of the guards walked up to him and was handed a set of keys. Without hesitating at the Bell, I was ushered past the keeper and led through a doorway that stood under the stairs on the far side of the Dome, down around a turn in the hall on the inside, and through another barred doorway, into a corridor with six or eight cells on each side of it. The heavy wooden and iron-plated door of the third cell on the right was pulled open, revealing a cubicle of about four square feet immediately inside, with an iron-barred barrier on the opposite end of it, leading into the cell I was about to be pushed into.

No push came and I found myself sitting on the edge of the plank-covered concrete slab that was the bed. I looked around the cell, sinking into the familiar claustrophobia that comes with being squeezed into a room ten feet by six feet, with a ceiling eighteen feet off the floor -- an oversized coffin. The one window was ten feet up the back wall and covered with a sheet of heavy plexiglass, restricting entry of contraband and fresh air. There were double rows of bars on the outside of the plexiglass. A slot above the door signified 24-hour-a-day visual access from the catwalk that

ran outside and above the doorway, aided by the perpetually lit, bright, white light high on the wall.

Sitting there on the plank-sheeted slab that was to be my bed until they got an indication from me that I was going to go back to being properly servile, a good inmate, my mind ran back to the first time I'd been down here. I had woke up, laid out on this same floor, all busted to shit, and with the prospect of five years' prison time ahead of me; here I was again. The thought left me shaking my head in wonder, my elbows on my knees, my face in my hands. It felt like nothing had changed.

Life sure is a bitch....

* * *

EARLY EVENING, DAY ONE, ANITOWN, 1974:

YOU'D THINK THAT AFTER BEING HERE TWICE BEFORE I'D HAVE GOTTEN USED TO being locked in a 60 square foot cell and having to go through the admitting routine; but it doesn't work that way. Lying on my bunk, staring up at the ceiling and shadows of the bars streaking across it, I feel like all energy has been drained from my body. My arms, legs and chest are being crushed into the mattress, and I can sense the walls, six feet apart, beginning to close in from both sides. The shadows on the ceiling seem more than just creations of light and darkness; they are psychic phenomenon, something I've been carrying with me a long time. They close down on me from the ceiling and enter my body, bruising their impressions into my awareness, bringing it home that I'm in . . . to stay.

Jeezus, what is it with me? Connie in the courtroom, tears streaming down her face . . . me staring down the judge, him pretending to ignore me . . . the crown prosecutor asking for ten fucking years for a simple break and enter, saying I'll never change, I'll always be no-good-for-nothing, a menace, a blight upon society . . . other people's property has to be protected . . . it's people like you that make it harder for society to work . . . who do you think you are . . . I'm going to make an example of you . . . take him away . . . again.

Again. If there was ever a word I want dropped from my vocabulary, again is it. Again, I find myself back in this same shit-hole. Again, I am sitting with my head stuck in my ass, asking myself what the fuck happened. Again, my Lady is crying for us as I'm being led from another courtroom in irons. Again, a judge is telling me that he is putting me back where I belong, for my own good, for protection of society, for a third time. Again, I'm being called a hardened criminal, a hopeless case, someone who is sick and needs curing -- but we don't yet have the answers. And, again, I find myself sitting on the edge of a cold, steel bunk, in the grip of a maximum-security penitentiary, with my guts in my mouth, my heart on my sleeve and my mind starting to coat itself in the protective haze all prisoners learn to develop and use -- I can feel the hate seeping up from my groin, my ass hole tightening, pulling up into my chest, drawing itself into a funnel-like shape that comes to a point just inside my mouth; a sharp, vengeful weapon that stabs them, cuts them, makes them hate me and want to destroy me . . . attempted suicide, never quite making it, never leaving a mark, nothing changed.

Somehow, I've got to turn it all around. Somehow, things have got to be different this time. I can't go on like this. I can't keep putting my ass on the line. Can't keep giving them such an easy target....

"Hey, Jessie, what cell ya in?"

"Five on four. Who's that?"

"Don."

"Don? Don who?"

"You know . . . Don Don Don Don...."

"Fuck you, Jack."

"Hey, Jessie, it's me, Donny Cyr. Hey, Man. Heard about your bust . . really sorry, Man."

And from down the tier, almost in unison . . .

"Hey, is that Jessie Robbins?" "Hey, Jesse!" "Robbins, you motherfucker. How the fuck are ya?" "Hey, Jess Baby, make it out to the gym tonight. It's Paul." "Jesse Robbins, you son-of-a-bitch . . . do you need anything?"

I was back . . . again.

SCAPES/SPACES

© Janice Steinberg

Between the Eye and the Brow

A woman is writing a book about spaces. The woman was once a classical Indian dancer. She tells me that in this dance even the movement of an eyebrow has meaning. She holds my hand as we talk. When she moves into a new house, she tells me, she performs a dance for luck there.

I imagine here moving on a dark wood floor. Her feet would touch each board, her hands warm each room's corners.

* * *

Desertscape

I wake first. Quietly I leave my friends sleeping and do asanas to the desert sun. It's cold so early.

Around mid-morning we go walking in the hills. We climb for a while and discover a small valley hidden by rocks,where a spring nourishes desert trees. We climb down, undress and lie in the sun.

We are shy at first and hesitate to look at each others' bodies -- parts of ourselves we rarely see. Though we are not afraid to expose fears, hurt, jealousy--such greater threats than our breasts, brown, pink, white, or the triangle of hair between our thighs.

Finally one of us turns over--we've been lying on our stomaches. Her breasts are small and hard, her nipples dark brown. One who took refuge on the hill, apart from the rest, stands up to say something. Her body is round. Later she joins us on the warm flat rocks. We drink wine, eat fruit and crackers, and sometimes talk.

We are getting to know our bodies. Away from men we are safer, we think.

It starts to get chilly. We dress and hike back to our camp.

This is going to end. This brief feeling that we are as important to each other as our lovers are to us,that we are making something wholly new. But in the desert we don't know that. It has only begun.

The sun sets, illuminating everything. We are new to each other in this unaccustomed light. We build a fire.

* * *

The Tundra

I think of the words waste, desolate. This flatness/emptiness stretching to every horizon, cold and vast. Permafrost. What is eternally frozen.

Brush and scrub thin out from forests. In northern Greenland only lichens can exist. Like the body in illness, they draw in, they ask little.

When we traveled to the tundra we swore to warm each other against its cold, to shine a light if one of us strayed from the camp we made. To share everything, even death, if that was what this Arctic held for us.

Driving our sledge, or walking beside it when the dogs were weary and underfed, we watched the midnight sun ahead of us always, what we were searching for. That extreme. That light.

No one would blame you if I died first and you ate me to survive, or me for doing the same.

Across the vast plain I saw you far away. You a shape on incredible whiteness whiteness impossible to define or even know. You saw me the same. This space widened. We were lost.

* * *

Snowscape

In your lover's farmhouse I listen to Vivaldi and think, I would never have imagined my life would have brought me to this place. You sand a chair in the next room -- domestic, industrious. Your presence gladdens me. I hear the rough sound of the sandpaper, faint under the music. Outside snow erases the boundaries of the possible.

The snow has stopped by morning. In sweaters and thick wool socks we press to the window to see the road covered and marvel at the trees.

After breakfast you and I pull on boots and jackets and go out. We follow the trail into the woods. There is a pond somewhere, you say. We try to find it but don't. But it doesn't matter.

We kick the snow as we walk. This is your first year in it, while I grew up here.

In a copse of trees you ask if we will always be friends. I am scared that stating commitment might be the prelude to disaffection. But I say yes. So do you.

This new snow is powdery and unsullied, like some parts of our selves. Everything is disguised by it; we don't know our way back to the house. But then we recognize the pile of wood in the yard and we're there.

* * *

Space in Spain

You tell me the new language is Spanish. Rhea says it is the language of the body. I have never been to Spain so I can imagine anything.

Olga says it must be female language, with fifty metaphors for the cathedral of the vagina.

New names are hard to find. Our mouths become unwieldy. We remark happily the Eskimos' seventeen words for snow.

Esperanto was an attempt -- the Spanish esperar, to hope. But it is not just a question of mother tongue. Even with people who grew up next door, words fail. We resort to gestures, to the language of dreams. What is beneath what we try to say.

I learn to read the voice of your eyes. We want to invent a new vocabulary. Would Spanish, a language that is softer, unite the warring parts of us? Alone we listen to the speech of heartbeats.

We study the art of translation.

* * *

Underwater

Plants sway through turquoise, aquamarine, black. Single celled life I can't see surrounds my many cells. Like that life my own cells take in nourishment and repel what might harm them. Language gives me osmosis, semi-permeable, capillary. My shadow on a rock moves hands like gills, as if they might relearn to breathe that way.

When I was ill I was afraid to walk on the street alone because I might feel strange. For company I walked with a double -- myself as I was two years earlier, a time I was happy and felt strong.

My companion wore a long brown skirt and a top of thin, light blue fabric which exposed her tan arms and shoulders and the smooth golden skin above her breasts. She walked with a light, swinging stride.

I saw her ahead of me first, leading my now timid self down the too-open, dangerous sidewalk. She delighted in the presence of strangers and city noise.

I pulled myself up tall like her. I loved the way she held her shoulders -- she was breathing fully, opening her chest, letting her breasts lift with each breath.

I caught up and walked beside her. How free she appeared -- the way she moved, the swing of her skirt around her sturdy tanned legs (she'd run at the beach that morning). The energy she radiated like it was nothing to swing down this street, like the world was good and held nothing harmful.

She merged into my own body.

* * *

Firebreak

Karen asks me to sit in the chair. She turns off the lamp and lights some incense. "Close your eyes. Follow your breath." I feel my breathing become slower, deeper, as I follow it into my throat and lungs and then out into the air.

I feel Karen's presence behind me. She is lightly touching my hair, her palms flat, molding the shape of my head, where my aura must be.

I sense her hands moving to my shoulders, poised perhaps an inch away. This is to put white light on the edge of my spirit, an edge Karen sees as easily as others would this chair, or my hands folded in my lap.

It's hard to sit so still. This space of protection Karen is placing around me -- this boundary between myself and what I am vulnerable to -- is so fragile. Only an inch of light visible to Karen but not to me. A wire fence that might be severed. A firebreak that could be leapt by too intense a blaze.

She has moved to face me and takes my hands. I think green blue lavender and feel colors fill me with each breath. Now Karen's hands are cool on my eyes.

She tells me to open my eyes slowly. She moves quietly in the room as I emerge.

* * *

The Mountains

It's been raining all day, the thin air filled with it. Driving up to the house I'm careful on the curves, unaccustomed to driving here -- my skills like lungs need to expand.

The storm started with lightning over the highest peaks, a dry crackle in the air of the plains. Now the wind is furious. I close the shutters and they bang all night. I don't sleep but sit by the fire in the dark.

Earth sign, this is my element. I gain strength here. In the mountains I come to know who I am, what my body needs. What I am learning is care. Is solitude.

I stay awake all night for renewal, my aura larger in this yielding air.

* * *

WARD

© william neil bolger

THREE DAYS HE'D BEEN AWAY. THREE DAYS. THIS WAS THE LONGEST EVER, THE longest since...he couldn't remember. Strange how things elude the mind. The brain abounds with treachery. What was the sense to it all? Nothing, not a thing made sense. Everyone was in an uproar. Well, let them roar, he'd show them. He had the rifle, and the Presence was with him, guiding, feeding him strength. As long as the Presence remained there could be no stopping him. The Presence took command through him, the Presence could not fail.

The trail led him to a clearing. He froze at the fringe of the wood and surveyed the empty space, his nostrils flared to catch the scent of danger. He could smell danger; they never believed that of him, but he could smell danger: it smelled like elevator shafts. There was no scent of danger from the clearing, nothing stirred. He slipped from the foliage and started for the other side.

The Other World surfaced as he walked and he was suddenly afraid. He tried to push it down, but doing so was becoming more difficult each time. That was Their fault, They had tampered too often. The fear enveloped him like a shroud, guilt rushed in, he was doing wrong, he was bad. He panicked, dashed for the far side of the clearing. It was good to run; he left the fear behind. If he could run forever, the Other World would never hurt again. There was a ditch. He threw himself beside it, rolled six feet down the bank and lay still, breathing, breathing. After a time, the Presence rejoined him and he sat up to study the water and to make another plan. But he couldn't think what he wanted; his mind fastened instead on the brown water crawling by, bearing clouds of scum that clung to the reeds and the edges of the banks. All the little things that lived there now were dead: the Enemy was merciless. He sat for a long time, feeling the water carry him along, then got up, leaped to the opposite bank, and headed for the knoll.

At the top of the knoll some sound, he wasn't sure what, dropped him to a crouch. He listened. Was it his mind playing tricks again? He had to be sure, couldn't move till he was certain. All the vigour of his sixteen years gathered in his muscles, bunched them to knots, trembling, and he fancied he was a cat, a green-eyed vicious cat lying in ambush for the hunters. And just as suddenly, a sadness overwhelmed him: the doctors had told him that feeling was bad; he didn't want to be bad; he shouldn't have run away.

There! That noise! The thump of a car door closing. He was on his belly now,tall grass warm on the skin of his arms,clover sweet in his nostrils. He patted the rifle lying in front of him, stroked the hot black steel of the barrel. They wouldn't take him back, he was sure of that. Again, the image of the cat. When he raised his eyes above the grass he saw Them emerging from the woods: two blue uniforms, peaked caps with badges winking. Carefully, he fitted the rifle to his hands and sighted through the scope. His palms were wet with sudden sweat. The uniform loomed menacingly in the lens, and it was hard to steady the crosshairs on the officer's chest. Strangely, his throat tightened, and tears welled in his eyes and blurred his vision. He squeezed them shut, felt the hot tears race down his cheeks,and when he opened them again he could see things more clearly than before. I don't want to be bad, he thought, the trigger flat and crisp against his finger. He squeezed. The earth buckled. One of Them crumpled to a blue heap, heedless of the echoing blast. The other spun around and fled, bent over low, zig-zagging, stumbling,until he reached the woods and disappeared.

The rifle trembled in his hands. He sat up, heart pounding. The scent of danger hung heavy about him. There would be more of Them; he had to get away. He slid back the bolt and the golden casing spun from the ejector and plinked into the grass. A puff of smoke curled from the open breech. He drove another cartridge home and locked the bolt down. "Three-hundred Magnum," he heard his brother say. "Stop a rhino, smash an engine block to bits." Power welled inside him.

He bounded down the knoll, back the way he'd come, across the ditch, into the poplar wood. The pounding of his feet jarred his vision, his brain. Branches lashed his face and arms and he revelled in the pain which drove him to a frenzy. He ran till his breathing seared his lungs, till the pain in his gut was unbearable torment, till he felt he would fly apart from exertion. He stumbled and fell, picked himself up,ran farther,stumbled, fell again, staggered out of the woods and into a field where he sprawled and lay bleeding and burning.

"Terry James!" His name ripped the air and he jerked on the ground, shocked. "Terry James! This is the police! Throw the gun away and come out with your hands above your head!"

The road! He'd circled back to the road!

The bullhorn crackled. "James! This is your only chance. There's no way out, James! Give yourself up!"

He flattened himself, clawed the earth with his fingers. Which world was this? Where was the Presence?

"Terry?" A familiar voice. "I'm your doctor; do you remember me? I've come to help you, Terry. Do as the policeman says, come out and leave the gun. I promise no one will hurt you."

Lies! Lies! One of Them's dead! They want to put a rope around my neck and break it, they want to kill me!

"Terry, if you don't come out the policemen will go in and get you. They may have to hurt you if you don't cooperate. Be a good boy, Terry, let us help you."

"You wanna kill me!" He sat up squeezing the rifle. The grass still hid him.

"Terry? Jerry listen. You're sick, can't you understand? They can't punish someone who's sick, don't you see? It's against the rules, Jerry."

Yes, that's right. It's against the rules. They always play by the rules.

"Stay back! Just...just lemme alone! Lemme alone...and I'll come out to you! Just...don't come near me!"

A twig cracked.

He spun the rifle, locked on blue, fired. The gun sprang from his hands. The officer in the woods behind him dropped his pistol and slowly sank to the ground hugging a sapling. Terry scrambled after the rifle, ejected the spent shell, drove another cartridge home.

"Awright, James! You've had your chance! Show yourself now!"

Two dead. He was very bad. His heart ached and tears rushed to blind him. Maybe he should go along with Them, surrender.

"Wait! Wait! I wanna go home!"

"Jerry! Jerry!, It's the doctor. We'll take you home,Jerry, we'll look after you. Just do as we say, Jerry, please!"

No. It didn't sound right. Damn the doctor! What was it about him that affected him so? The Enemy's voice was easy to resist, but not so the doctor's: his had a power far beyond that of authority.

"Wait!"

"We've waited long enough, James!"

What was happening to him? Everything was so crazy, mixed and confused. His world and the Other World eclipsed by turns; often he was trapped in both. Time after time the Presence came, and fled him again. He longed for the hospital, he loathed the hospital; the doctor was a friend, an enemy; he was right, wrong, good, bad, by turns. He wanted to end the suffering, to be good, to make amends. He wanted to lash out and to destroy. Once, before the treatments, he'd been gentle; the doctor must have made him this way. Was there no way out without killing more and adding to his pain? Yes! Yes! There was a way, if he could pull it off! He stood and jammed the muzzle of the gun beneath his chin.

An amplified whisper sizzled in the air: "Here! Talk to him for Christ sake!"

His thumb found the trigger.

"Jerry! Listen, Jerry! Put the gun down! Please! You know that's not the answer, son, you know it's not!"

Son? Oh, yes...

For an instant he understood everything. Then both worlds collided with a roar.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Bolger's, "Ward" is an award-winning piece taken from Words from Inside '76.

EUREKART

When the flash of a new idea first struck
The Cro-magnon's primitive fancy,
This first engineer picked up a bone
And scratched out something chancy.
This first crude sketch the world would see
Was a thrill to his ape-ish heart.
And the Devil whispered in his ear,
"That's progress . . . but is it Art?"

So he yelled with mirth and fashioned the earth,
The first of his tribe with vision.
The first of his kind with such a mind,
Who acted with iron decision.
And he willed his heap to be built by his sons,
Leaving only a mud foundation.
The Devil leered, and he wrote, "It's Art?"
On the base of the world's first prison.

They built rock towers to blot the sky,
And shatter the stars apart -
The Devil surmised behind a rock,
"It's striking . . . but is it Art?"
Stones were rolled from the quarry side,
And crudely a derrick swung,
While prisoners carped with this form of Art
All in an alien tongue.

They dug and they picked in the North and South -
They sweat and they groaned in the West -
Till the blood level rose in the craggy yard,
And thus the first prisoners had rest;
Had rest till the dark red walls arose
And dogs were trained to bark.
And the Devil called from off the wall,
"You did it . . . but is it Art?"

They learned to hack a long-horn's hide
To the shape of a woman's purse.
They learned to wait, they learned to hate,
And mouth the silent curse.
They knew the tail would wag the dog,
And the horse would be drawn by the cart.
And the Devil cried, the Warder lied,
"All ri-i-i-ight! <u>this</u> is Art!"

© Eugene Daniels
Montana

only a word

Stop me and frisk me
arrest me and convict me
but pig--
what about my rights

Dress me and ship me
number me and beat me
but shit--
what about my rights

Drop them and bend them
spread them and lift them
god--
what about my rights

Strip me and break me
zoo me and make fun of me
but sir--
what about my rights

Work me and degrade me
until you finally parole me
watch me and hound me
but--
please don't violate me

And I promise to never again
ask about such a thing
as...my rights

© Bob Robinson
aka Shea Shea

from INSIDE: Writings by Attica inmates 1977-1978

AMERICA
AMERICA

America
America
So strong, so bold, with riches untold
it's a shame her fathers had no soul

America
America
So greatly blessed, yet so wickedly possessed;
and with all her scientists, doctors, teachers
even preachers
she has yet to pass the simple test of sanity,
humanity

America
America
So bright, but does that make her right,
being so crude through segregated schools,
overrun by all too many educated fools?

America
America
United, divided, so undecided,
will she ever mend her wicked ways?
If not, then surely these are her last days

America
America
America
BOOM!

© James L. Wilson
aka Akbar Ali

THE RACE OF LIFE
(For Angel)

Life is a race
and I'm tired of running
down that dark street
where the street lamps burnt out
like my Sixteenth birthday candles.

The saddest thought is:

Knowing I'll turn down that street
look around
to find
youth
is far down the street
frozen
forever.

© James Zientek is a 20 year old poet/prisoner at Attica, N.Y.

cant we just

Can't we just be brothers
without any barbed-wire or barricades
or any psychological Olympiads?
I do not hold you responsible
for the accident of birth,
no more that I hold the caged blue dove
responsible
for gathering it's nest in my mouth,
or the yellow butterfly that sleeps in infinities
responsible
for the dead...
Afterall we are not Salamanders,
we have blood
that boils up now and then,
if only to remind us that we are not Salamanders.
But let's get away from these religious thoughts:
here's the blindfold,
stand against that wall....

© by wayne parnell
(california)

SPORT SECTION

mike moore

HELLO AGAIN SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS AND WELCOME TO ANOTHER UP-DATE OF THE Sports World at this institution.

UNIT EIGHT ended the summer season of BALL by defeating UNIT TEN four games to two to capture the "A" League SOFTBALL PLAYOFFS. The NUMBER EIGHT squad started their drive to the top by sweeping three straight games past UNIT ELEVEN in their semi-final contest, and UNIT TEN hung on to defeat the UNIT NINE squad in a series that wasn't decided until the final game.

The cold weather, which lasted throughout the finals, wasn't enough to cool NUMBER EIGHT's bats as they slugged their way to victory. UNIT EIGHT also captured first place in the regular season play, thus emerging as double winners. HATS OFF TO UNIT EIGHT's "A" League BALL TEAM.

The "B" League also produced a double winner as the THERAPUTES captured first place honours in regular season play, and then went on to demolish NUMBER EIGHT's WILSON SQUAD in four straight games to win the play-off title. CONGRATULATIONS THERAPUTES FOR A WINNING PERFORMANCE.

A SOCCER TOURNAMENT was held during the THANKSGIVING WEEKEND, giving fans a preview of what could be expected during regular season play. UNIT TEN trounced UNIT ELEVEN 8-2 in game one, ensuring them a spot in the final game. UNIT NINE surprised everyone as they displayed a show of hard work to defeat a powerful NUMBER EIGHT squad 6-4.

In the final game, the THERAPUTES boots were as hot as fire as they blasted 8 goals past NUMBER NINE's goalie, to record an 8-2 victory and cop top honours. The boys on the NUMBER TEN THERAPUTES told me that the CHICKEN AND SHAKES proved a worthwhile treat for the effort involved.

The SOCCER LEAGUE is well into its schedule and the standings are as follows: (up to and including October 26th)

TEAM	G.P.	WON	LOST	TIED	PTS
EIGHT	6	4	1	1	9
NINE	6	3	2	1	7
TEN	6	3	3	0	6
ELEVEN	6	0	6	0	0

The BALL HOCKEY season will be starting NOVEMBER 12TH and this season should prove very interesting for fans and players alike. All units will be flooring very competitive teams and I will refrain from making predictions until given a chance to view the teams and analyse the situation.

The BASKETBALL SEASON will also be starting in the near future, but it is not yet decided as to which format will be used in making up the league.

That's all for now... until the next time--PARTICIPATE AND STAY HEALTHY.

PROBABLY THE BEST ALL-AROUND ATHlete at this institution is MELVIN REDDICK. It doesn't matter whether it's baseball, ball hockey, basketball, soccer, track and field, weightlifting or whatever; MEL is always among the top contenders.

He proved himself again when playing for the SPRINGHILL ALPINES, a team from the local community that recruited Mel to play for them in their AMHERST MEN'S FASTBALL TOURNAMENT, by being voted the MOST VALUABLE PLAYER in the tournament held in early October. GOOD GOING, MEL.

INVITATIONAL WEIGHTLIFTING MEET

by greg scott

ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER THE 29TH, A GROUP OF 11 OLYMPIC WEIGHTLIFTERS AND their NOVA SCOTIA WEIGHTLIFTING ASSOCIATION support people came to the Springhill gymnasium to show us how it's done. The N.S.W.A. INVITATIONAL MEET was on, and all the tools of the trade (shiny olympic bars, the rubber coated weights that bounce when the lifter drops them, the white chalk to improve the grip, the belts to protect the lifters' backs, and of course, the trophies to be awarded at the end of the day) were scattered around one corner of the gym.

The weightlifters themselves were checking out the facilities, each other, talking to a few of the guys, and beginning to summon the reserves of strength and concentration needed to compete in this exacting sport. A few of the spectators were puzzled by the lack of bulky physiques, but once the lifting was under way, all saw that heavy musclature development would be a disadvantage,both raising the lifter's body weight into tougher categories, and making the deft movements of the Squat and the Clean and Jerk somewhat more difficult. The style of these lifts is a bit different from the power lifting and body building movements we are familiar with here, and a few of the weightlifting (powerlifting) spectators were heard to comment that they would have liked to compete in a contest. It might be possible for the Recreation Staff to consider this the next time a meet is arranged.

These competitors prepared themselves differently than those basketball, baseball, ball hockey and other sports teams we have hosted in the past; different even from the young boxers we have seen. The opponent here is gravity, and the object is to have oneself tuned perfectly for the sudden move which will see the ever increasing weights held overhead for the long seconds required to score with the three judges.

The lifting was done in two groups of the younger and older lifters. First the men worked their Snatch lifts up to their maximum weight (in kilograms) trying to stay ahead of the competition in their weight class. The first two lifters, ALEX ZINCK of Halifax and TERRY BOGLE of Stewiacke, both in the 60 kg. class (2.2lbs times 60kg = 126lbs) quickly warmed to their tasks, and BOGLE immediately emerged as the stronger of the two with a lift of 70kg (154lb). The other lifters in the first half were all alone in their classes, competing against themselves and various provincial and national records. VIJAY SHARMA of Enfield in the 56kg (123lbs) class,tried to break the Nova Scotia Junior and Senior Snatch Record and did with a final lift of 80.5kg (177.1lb). He later tried to break the same record for the Clean and Jerk, but missed. In the second half, ROD GAUTREAU of Lorneville, N.B. was very impressive weighing only 56kg also, lifted a combined total of 210kg or 462 pounds.

Three lifters were in the same weight category and provided us with a competitive performance in the 67.5kg (148.5lb) class, lifting weights up into the 90kg (198lb) range. In the Snatch section, JOHN VAN DE RIET, STEVE LUMSDEN and GARY GALLANT tried to surge ahead of each other, with GALLANT coming out on top with 95kg (209lbs). Added to his best lift in the Clean and Jerk, this was enough for him to clinch the overall total, even though VAN DE RIET was able to lift an identical Clean and Jerk of 117.5kg or 285.5 pounds.

WALTER BURSEY, the super heavyweight in the competition at 127.5kg or 280lbs lifted a total of 511.5 pounds in two lifts. Trophies were given out to all those who showed as best in their category, even where they were only competing against themselves and the existing records. Appreciation goes out to GEORGE ALLEN, IAN MEADOWS, SCOTT SMITH and everyone else who made the show possible. Those of us who saw the show enjoyed it and would like to see more in the future.

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credit with thanks

"SCAPES/SPACES" on page 35 came from CHOMO-URI, a women's multi-arts magazine that we are sad to say just went out of business.

"AMERICA AMERICA" and "ONLY A WORD" and "THE RACE OF LIFE" all come from INSIDE: Writings by Attica Inmates 1977-78, La Huerta Press, Box 250B, LAKEVILLE, NY 14480.

"CAN'T WE JUST" comes from THE AMERICAN MICROCOSM, published by The Greenfield Review, GREENFIELD CENTER, NY 12833 and is available for $5 American.

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